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GEORGE VILLIERS.

Second Duke of Buckingham

The Rehearsal

First acted 7 Dec. 1671. Published [? July] 1672

With Illustrations from previous Plays, etc

EDITED BY

EDWARD ARBER

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The LIFE and TIMES

of

GEORGE VILLIERS,

Second Duke of Buckingham.

INSTEAD of the usual brief Chronicle, we shall on this occasion adduce a series of testimonies that have come down to us from contemporaries, all intimately acquainted with Villiers.

1. In the year 1738, was published in London, a 4to *Catalogue of the Curious Collection of Pictures of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham*. The Catalogue is prefaced by the following

ADVERTISEMENT.

WE proceed to gratify the curiosity of the public with some other lists of valuable collections; the principal one belonged to that magnificent favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; and was only such part of his Museum as was preserved by an old servant of the family, Mr. Traylman, and by him sent to Antwerp to the young duke, to be sold for his subsistence; great part having been embezzled, when the estate was sequestered by the parliament. Some of the pictures, on the assassination of the first duke, had been purchased by the king, the earl of Northumberland, and Abbot Montagu. The collection was kept at York-house in the Strand, and had been bought by the duke at great prices. He gave £10,000 for what had been collected by Sir Peter Paul Rubens; and Sir Henry Wootton, when ambassador at Venice, purchased many other capital ones for his grace. One may judge a little how valuable the entire collection must have been, by this list of what remained, where we find no fewer than nineteen by Titian, seventeen by Tintoret, twenty-one by Bassan, two by Julio Romano, two by Giorgione, thirteen by Paul Veronese, eight by Palma, three by Guido, thirteen by Rubens, three by Leonardo da Vinci, two by Corregio, and three by Raphael; besides other esteemed and scarce masters.

Mr. Duart of Antwerp bought some of them, but the greater part were purchased by the archduke Leopold, and added to his noble collection in the castle of Prague. He bought the chief picture, the Ecce Homo by Titian, in which were introduced the portraits of the pope, the emperor Charles the Fifth, and Solymán the magnificent. It appears by a note of Mr. Vertue, in the original manuscript, that Thomas earl of Arundel offered the first duke the value of £7,000 in money or land for that single piece. There is a copy of it at Northumberland house.

It may not be improper to mention in this place, that Villiers, when sent with the earl of Holland to the States, to negotiate the restoration of the Palatinate, purchased a curious collection of Arabic manuscripts, collected by Erpinus, a famous linguist; which, according to the duke's designation of them, were after his death, bestowed on the university of Cambridge, of which his grace had been chancellor.

Embedded in this Catalogue, at pp. 24—39, is the following *Life of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the celebrated Poet*. Written by Brian Fairfax Esq. and never before published. This *Life* is both able and graphic; and apparently authentic. As it will be new to most readers, we give it entire.

BRIAN FAIRFAX, Esq. was the second son of Rev. Henry Fairfax, rector of Bolton Percy, and cousin to Thomas, 4th Lord Fairfax (the Parliamentary general), brother to Henry, 5th Lord, and uncle of Thomas 6th Lord Fairfax. [See *The Fairfax Correspondence*. Ed. by G. W. Johnson, i. cxx—cxxv. 1848.] In 1599, he edited *Short Memorials of Thomas [4th] Lord Fairfax*. Written by himself. The following gives the most favourable account of Villiers; and would seem to show that up to the Restoration, he was apparently no worse than his neighbours.

The original papers from whence this manuscript is faithfully taken, were written by Mr.

BRIAN FAIRFAX, and in the possession of the late bishop Atterbury.

Memoirs of the Life of GEORGE VILLIERS,
Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

GEORGE Villiers, duke of Buckingham, was the son of that noble favourite

to two kings ; who, in the height of his fortune and flower of his age, engaged his estate and exposed his life, in the service of his king and country.

The name of Villiers is ancient and honourable in France and England. Philip de Villiers L'isle Adam, was the last great master of Rhodes, and defended it six months against the Turkish emperor, Solyman.

The duke's mother was the Lady Katherine Manners, sole daughter and heir of Francis earl of Rutland.

He was born at Wallingford house in Westminster, Jan. 30, 1627.

His elder brother, Charles, died an infant. His sister Mary was dutchess of Richmond and Lennox. His brother Francis was born at Chelsea, after his father's death.

The duke inherited from his father the greatest title, and from his mother the greatest estate of any subject in England ; and from them both so graceful a body, as gave a lustre to the ornaments of his mind, and made him the glory of the English court at home and abroad.

The first visit the king made to the dutchess after her husband's death, he was pleased to say, He would be a husband to her, a father to her children ; and he performed his promise.

The dutchess was then great with child, and the king said, He would be godfather : Francis earl of Rutland, the child's grandfather, was the other. They complimented who should give the name. The king named him Francis, and the grandfather gave him his benediction, seven thousand pounds a year.

The duke and his brother, Francis, were bred up by king Charles, * *So in the orig.*

They were sent to Trinity College in Cambridge, their names entered in the college-book the same year with prince Charles.

Here the duke became acquainted with two excellent men, Mr. Ab. Cowley, and Mr. Martin Clifford, whom he loved ever after, and they as faithfully and affectionately served him. [To these two a third was added afterwards, who had an equal share with them in his affection, his domestic chaplain ; and it was a good argument of his own wit and judgment, and good nature, that he knew how to value a man who had all these *this sentence is interlined.* and other good qualities to recommend him. †]

From hence they went to the king at Oxford, laying their lives and fortunes at his feet, as a testimony of their loyalty and gratitude, worthy to be printed in the memory of the royal family. This they did, not in words and compliments ; for they lost their estates, and one of them, soon after, his life.

At Oxford they chose two good tutors to enter them in the war, prince Rupert and my lord Gerard ; and went with them into very sharp service : the storming of the close at Litchfield.

At their return to Oxford, the dutchess, their mother, was very angry with my lord Gerard, for tempting her sons into such danger ; but he told her, it was their own inclination, and the more danger the more honour.

For this the parliament seized on their estates, but by a rare example of their compassion, restored it again in consideration of their nonage : but the young men kept it no longer than till they came to be at age to forfeit it again.

About this time their mother married the marquis of Antrim, and thereby offended the king, and ruined herself.

They were now committed to the care of the earl of Northumberland, and were sent to travel in France and Italy, where they lived in as great state as some of those sovereign princes. Florence and Rome were the places of their residence, and they brought their religion home again, wherein they had been educated under the eye of the most devout and best of kings. The duke did not, as his predecessor, in the title of Lord Ross, had done before him, who changed his religion at Rome, and left his tutor, Mr. Mole, in the inquisition, for having translated king James's book, his admonition to princes, into latin ; and Du Pleffis Morney's book of the mass into english.

Their return into England was in so critical a time, as if they had now chosen the last opportunity, as they had done the first, of venturing all in the king's service.

In the year 1643 the king was a prisoner in the isle of Wight, and his friends in several parts of England designing to renew the war ; duke Hamilton in

Scotland, the earl of Holland and others in Surry, Goring in Kent, many in London and Essex, and these were the last efforts of the dying cause.

The duke and brother, my lord Francis, in the heat of their courage, engaged with the earl of Holland : and were the first that took the field about Rygate in Surry.

The parliament, with their old army, knew all these designs, and despised them ; till they grew so numerous in Kent, that the general himself was sent to suppress them, who found sharp service in storming of Maidstone, and taking of Colchester.

Some troops of horse were sent, under the command of colonel Gibbons, to suppress them in Surry ; and they drove my lord of Holland before them to Kingston, but engaged his party before they got thither, near Nonsuch, and defeated them.

My lord Francis, at the head of his troop having his horse slain under him, got to an oak tree in the high way about two miles from Kingston, where he stood with his back against it, defending himself, scorning to ask quarter, and they barbarously refusing to give it ; till, with nine wounds in his beautiful face and body, he was slain. The oak tree is his monument, and has the two first letters of his name F. V. cut in it to this day.

Thus died this noble, valiant, and beautiful youth, in the twentieth year of his age. A few days before his death, when he left London, he ordered his steward, Mr. John May, to bring him in a list of his debts, and he so charged his estate with them, that the parliament, who seized on the estate, payed his debts.

His body was brought from Kingston by water to York house in the Strand, and was there embalmed and deposited in his father's vault in Henry VIIIth's chapel, at the abbey of Westminster ; with this inscription, which it is a pity should be buried with him :

Qui vicesimo ætatis anno
Pro rege Carolo
Et patria
Fortier pugnando
Novem honestis vulneribus acceptis
Obiit vii^o die Julii
Anno Domino 1648.

Depositum
Illustrissimi domini
Francisci Villiers
Ingentis specie juvenis
Filiæ posthumi Georgii
Ducis Buckinghamii

The body of the illustrious lord Francis Villiers, a most beautiful youth, the posthumous son of George duke of Buckingham, who, in the 20th year of his age, fighting valiantly for king Charles and his country, having nine honourable wounds, died the 7th of July, 1648.

The duke, after the loss of his brother, hardly escaped with his life to St. Neods, whither also came the earl of Holland, who was there taken, and soon after beheaded.

The duke, the next morning finding the house where he lay surrounded, and a troop of horse drawn up before the gate, had time with his servants to get to horse, and then causing the gate to be opened, he charged the enemy, and killed the officer at the head of them, and made his escape to the sea-side, and to prince Charles who was in the Downs with those ships that had deserted the earl of Warwick.

And now again the parliament gave him forty days time to return to England, but he refused, and chose rather to stay with the prince, who was soon after king Charles the Second, and to follow him in his exile.

The parliament seized on his estate, the greatest of any subject in England, having now his brother's estate fallen to him ; the yearly value was above £25,000.

It happened that the manor of Helmesly, which was his brother's, was given to my lord Fairfax, with York-house in the Strand, for part of his arrears, and this fortunately came to him by his marrying my lord Fairfax's daughter.

All that he had to live on beyond sea was the money he got at Antwerp for his pictures, which were part of that costly and curious collection his father got together from Italy, by the help of Sir Henry Wotton and others, which adorned York-house, to the admiration of all men of judgment in pictures : A note of their names and dimensions is all that is now left of them. The Ecce Homo of Titian was valued at £5000 being the figure of all the

great persons in his time. The arch-duke bought it, and it is now in the castle of Prague. These pictures were secured and sent to him by his old trusty servant, Mr. John Trayleman, who lived in York-house.

The king resolving to go into Scotland, the duke attended him, and now again the parliament offered him to compound for his estate for £20,000, which was less than a year's value; but he chose to run the king's fortune in Scotland, worse than exile, came with him out of Scotland into England; and at Worcester his escape was almost as miraculous as the king's in the royal oak. He escaped again into France, and went a volunteer into the French army, and was much regarded by all the great officers, signaling his courage at the siege of Arras and Valenciennes.

When he came to the English court, which was but seldom, the king was always glad to see him. He loved his person and his company; but the great men about him desired rather his room than his company.

There now happened a great turn in the course of his life. My lord Fairfax had part of his estate, about £5000 per ann. allotted him by the parliament towards the payment of his arrears due to him as general, and he remitted more than would have purchased a greater estate. They gave him the manor of Helmesly, the seat of the noble family of Rutland in Yorkshire, as a salve for the wound he received there, being shot through the body. They gave him also York-house in London, which was also the duke's.

The duke heard how kind and generous my lord Fairfax was to the countess of Derby, in paying all the rents of the Isle of Man, which the parliament had also assigned to him for his arrears, into her own hands, and she confessed it was more than all her servants before had done.

The duke had reason to hope my lord had the same inclinations as to this estate of his, which he never accounted his own, and the duke wanted it as much as the countess.

He was not deceived in his hopes, for my lord Fairfax wished only for an opportunity of doing it. He lived in York-house, where every chamber was adorned with the arms of Villiers and Manners, lions and peacocks. He was descended from the same ancestors, earls of Rutland. Sir Guy Fairfax his two sons having married two of the daughters of the earl of Rutland; which my lord took frequent occasion to remember.

The duke resolved to try his fortune, which had hitherto been adverse enough, and he had some revenge on her, by his translation of the ode in Horace—*Fortuna sævis lata negotiis*. Over he came into England, to make love to his only daughter, a most virtuous and amiable lady. He found a friend to propose it, and I think it was Mr. Robert Harlow.

The parents consented, and the young lady could not resist his charms, being the most graceful and beautiful person that any court in Europe ever saw, &c. All his trouble in wooing was, He came, saw, and conquered.

When he came into England he was not sure either of life or liberty. He was an outlaw, and had not made his peace with Cromwell, who would have forbid the banns if he had known of his coming over. He had a greater share of his estate, had daughters to marry, and would not have liked such a conjunction of Mars and Mercury, as was in this alliance; knowing my lord's affections to the royal family, which did afterwards produce good effects towards its restoration.

They were married at Nun-Appleton, six miles from York, Sept. 7, 1657, a new and noble house built by my lord Fairfax, and where he kept as noble hospitality. His friend, Ab. Cowley, wrote an epithalamium, now printed.

When Cromwell heard of it, he rested not till he had him in the tower, and would have brought him to Tower-hill had he lived a fortnight longer.

He had liberty given him to be at York-house with his lady; but going to Cobham to see his sister, he was taken, and sent to the tower.

This so angered my lord Fairfax that he went to Whitehall to the protector, and expostulated the case so as it put him into great passion, turning abruptly from him in the gallery at Whitehall, cocking his hat, and throwing his cloak under his arm, as he used to do when he was angry. Thus I saw him take his last leave of his old acquaintance, Cromwell, whose servants expected he would be sent to bear the duke company at the tower the next morning, but the protector was wiser in his passion.

I carried the duke the news of the protector's death, and he had then leave to be a prisoner at Windsor castle, where his friend Ab. Cowley was his constant companion. Richard Cromwell soon after abdicated, and then his liberty came of course.

This was the happiest time of all the duke's life, when he went to his father-in-law's house at Appleton, and there lived orderly and decently with his own wife, where he neither wanted, nor so abounded as to be tempted to any sort of extravagance, as he was after when he came to possess his whole estate. He now understood the meaning of that paradox, *Dimidium plus toto*, with which he used to pose young scholars; and found by experience, that the half or third part of his own estate which he now enjoyed, was more than the whole which he had at the king and his restoration.

Now he lived a most regular life, no courtships but to his own wife, not so much as to his after-beloved and costly mistress, the philosopher's stone.

My lord Fairfax was much pleased with his company, and to see him so conformable to the orders and good government of the family. If they had any plots together, they were to the best purposes, the restoration of the royal family.

My lord Fairfax's maxims in politicks was, that the old veteran army which he had commanded, was not to be beaten by any new rais'd force in England; and that the king's friends shewed more affection than discretion in their plots, to restore them while they were united: and that this old army would never be beaten but by itself; as the event shewed, when Lambert and Monk divided them. But the most fatal influence of this opinion in my lord Fairfax was the night before the thirtieth of January, when some of his friends proposed to him to attempt the next day to rescue the king, telling him that twenty thousand men were ready to join with him; he said, he was ready to venture his own life, but not the lives of others against the army now united against them.

The same appeared in the insurrection of sir George Booth, which Lambert, with a brigade of this old army, did so easily suppress; the success whereof inspired him with the ambition of imitating Cromwell, in dissolving the parliament, and making himself protector.

The duke had given sufficient testimony of his loyalty, and my lord Fairfax of his affection and desire to see the royal family restored; and now was the time of doing it.

General Monk in Scotland declared against Lambert, who marched against him with a strong body of horse.

My lord Fairfax, and the duke with him, declared for Monk in Yorkshire; but the duke was obliged to withdraw, because his presence gave a jealousy, that the design was to bring in the king, which was too soon to be owned.

What the event was is well known. I shall only repeat the duke's words in an expostulatory letter to king Charles some years after.

"As to your majesty's return into England, I may justly pretend to some share; since without my lord Fairfax his engaging in Yorkshire, Lambert's army had never quitted him, nor the duke of Albemarle marched out of Scotland."

The king's restoration, *volvenda dies en attulit ultro*, restored the duke to his estate, but such a train of expence with it, as brought him acquainted with bankers and scribes, that infested it with the gangreen of usury, which it never recovered.

At the king's coronation no subject appeared in greater splendor. None kept greater hospitality than he did at Wallingford-house, especially for the French nobility that came over. This engaged him in play, which had he continued, his estate had not lasted so long; but he resolved to give it over, and kept his resolution ever after. He was moderate in all his expences, his table, stable, laboratory. All the king's favours to him were occasions of great expence. His lord lieutenantancy in Yorkshire cost him more than it did all that succeeded him. The master of the horses cost him twenty thousand pounds to the duke of Albemarle.

His embassies into France and Holland cost him more than a diamond ring could recompense: that into Holland (setting aside the politick part of it, being a consequence of that into France.

We took barge at Whitehall, June 1673, and lay that night on board the English admiral at the buoy in the Nore, the king and duke being there. The next night we came to anchor in our yacht in the Dutch fleet on the coast of Holland. The next night we were entertained by the states in the Hague. The next night we supp'd with the prince of Orange at his camp at Bodegrave. Next night with the king of France at Utrecht, where we staid two or three days, and then march'd back with him at the head of his army to Arnheim, where we visited the prince de Conde, who lay ill there of a wound in his arm, which he got passing the Rhine at Tolhuze, and Marshal Turin. Thence we went with the king to Nimeguen, Grave, Boxtell, and there we parted. The king went to Paris, and we into the Spanish dominions, to Antwerp, Brussels, Bruges, Ghent, Dunkirk, and Calais; where our yachts stayed for us, and we came to Dover, Canterbury, London; where we arrived the day month that we left it.

He was sent ambassador into France, where he was highly carressed by the king, and many of the nobility his old acquaintance. This was before the other into Holland. At his return he was chosen chancellor of the university of Cambridge, and entertained them nobly at York-house, where his father had done it on the same occasion forty years before.

He now seemed to be setting up for a favourite, but he wanted his father's diligence, which fitted him to stand before princes.

He fell into a new way of expence in building, in that sort of architecture which Cicero calls, *Insanae substructiones*; and himself, when his friends dissuaded him from it, called it his folly.

The world has been severe in censuring his foibles, but not so just in noting his good qualities.

For his person, he was the glory of the age and any court wherever he came. Of a most graceful and charming mien and behaviour; a strong, tall and active body, all which gave a lustre to the ornaments of his mind; of an admirable wit and excellent judgment; and had all other qualities of a gentleman. He was courteous and affable to all; of a compassionate nature; ready to forgive and forget injuries. What was said of a great man in the court of queen Elizabeth, that he used to vent his discontents at court by writing from company, and writing sonnets, may be said of him; but when he was provoked by the malice of some and ingratitude of others, he might shew that a good natured man might have an ill natured muse.

He gave a good instance of his readiness to forgive injuries. When a considerable man at court did him an injury, which he was fearful he would resent, he desired a friend to mediate for him, and endeavour a reconciliation, which he undertook. The duke told him that he did not remember he had ever injured him, if he had he freely forgave him.

His charitable disposition he seemed to inherit from his grandfather, Francis earl of Rutland, who used every quarter day at London to send his steward with bags of money to several prisons to relieve prisoners and pay their debts, bidding them thank God, and pray for their benefactor, but not telling them who it was.

He was a man of great courage and presence of mind in danger. One instance of it was when a melancholy-mad servant assailed him with a drawn sword in his hand when he was at supper, and he with a knife disarmed him. The man was afterwards hanged for saying he would do it to the king.

The character which Sir Henry Wotton gives of his father might be said of him, viz.

"Among all the favourites which mine eyes have beheld in divers courts and times, I never saw before a strong heart and eminent condition so clearly void of all pride and shocking arrogance either in his face or in his fashion."

It is to be wished the rest of his father's character had been as true of him; his diligence and application to business, and that he had left his few honest servants in as good fortune as reputation, who never wronged him in his estate, nor flattered him in his faults, and thought they escaped well in not being oppressed under the ruins of his fortune.

[When he first began to settle his family he desired his old friends, A[braham] Cowley and M[artin] C[lifford] to recom- *In the origin-
al this para-*

mend to him a domestick chaplain. They knew how hard it was to please him; he must be a man of learning, wit, good nature, good manners, a graceful person and decent behaviour. They found one [T. Sprat, afterwards Bp. of Rochester. See *W. Oldys MS. note to G. Langbaine*] to their own mind, and to his; whom he valued as a friend, and loved as a companion; who lived to be an ornament to the church among those of the highest order. He brought the duke acquainted with another excellent person, whose friendship and conversation he much coveted, and wished he could have more of it, who attained afterwards to the highest dignity in the church, and with a lawyer as eminent in his profession: so that his father was not more happy in the choice of a few friends and servants than he was, if he had followed their advice. He saw and approved the best, but did too often *deteriora sequi*.]

graph is written on a side of paper, tacked to the other by a wafer, and is referred to by a mark. 'Tis written in the same hand.

His father had two crimes objected against him which he was not guilty of; plurality of offices, and preferring his relations. The faults objected against him were, that he loved women, and spent his estate.

His estate was his own. He had often lost it for the king, and might now be allowed to enjoy it himself. If he was *fui profusus*, he never was *alieni appetens*. If he was extravagant in spending, he was just in paying his debts, and at his death charged his debts on his estate, leaving much more than enough to pay them. "If he was a grievance, as he told the house of commons, he was the cheapest to the public that ever was complained of."

He had no children by his dutchess, nor heirs capable of inheriting his estate or title.

His amours were too notorious to be concealed, and too scandalous to be justified, by saying he was bred in the latitude of foreign climates, and now lived in a vicious age and court; where his accusers of this crime were as guilty as himself. He lay under so ill a name for this, that whenever he was shut up in his chamber, as he loved to be, *nescio quid*, or in his laboratory, *meditans purgarum*, over the fumes of charcoal, it was said to be with women. When a dirty chymist, a foxhunter, a pretender to poetry or politicks, a rehearsal should entertain him, when a messenger to summon him to council could not be admitted.

This is true of him, that of all the noise made of his loving women, he never had so much as a bastard laid to his charge, that he or any body else believed to be his own. Some pretended to love his person, but it was his estate, which smarted for it. It is hard to tell by his expence which was his favourite pleasure, I think, his chymistry at home, and fox-hunting abroad.

I will conclude his character with saying, that if human frailty will not excuse these faults, let christian charity oblige us to hope, that as God gave him time, he gave him also the grace of true repentance.

We are now come to the last scene of the tragi-comedy of his life. At the death of king Charles he went into the country to his own manor of Helmesly, the seat of the earls of Rutland in Yorkshire. King Charles was his best friend, he loved him and excused his faults. He was not so well assured of his successor. In the country he passed his time in hunting, and entertaining his friends; which he did a fortnight before his death as pleasantly and hospitably as ever he did in his life. He took cold one day after fox-hunting, by sitting on the cold ground, which cast him into an ague and fever, of which he died, after three days sickness, at a tenant's house, Kirby more side, a lordship of his own, near Helmesly, Ap. 16, 1688; ætat. 60.

The day before his death he sent to his old servant Mr. Brian Fairfax, to desire him to provide him a bed at his house at Bishop-hill at York, but the next morning the same man returned with the news that his life was despaired of. Mr. Fairfax went post, but before he got to him he was speechless. The earl of Arran, son to duke Hamilton, was with him; who, hearing he was sick, visited him in his way to Scotland.

When Mr. Fairfax came, the duke knew him, look'd earnestly at him, and held him by the hand, but could not speak. Mr. Fairfax ask'd a gentleman there present, a justice of peace, and a worthy discreet man in the neighbourhood, what he had said or done before he became speechless. He told

me some questions had been asked him about his estate, to which he gave no answer. Then he was admonished of the danger he was in, which he seemed not to apprehend; he was ask'd, if he would have the minister of the parish sent for to pray with him, to which he gave no answer; which made another question be asked, If he would have a popish priest; to which he answered with great vehemence, no, no! repeating the words, He would have nothing to do with them. Then the aforesaid gentleman, Mr. Gibson, ask'd him again if he would have the minister sent for, and he calmly answered, Yes, pray send for him. This was the morning and he died that night. The minister came, and did the office required by the church; the duke devoutly attending it, and received the sacrament, and an hour after became speechless; but appearing sensible, we had the prayers of the church repeated by his bed-side, recommending him to the mercy of God, through the merits of Jesus Christ.

Thus he died quietly in his bed, the fate of few of his predecessors in the title of Buckingham. His body was embalmed and brought to Westminster-abbey, and there laid in the vault with his father and brothers, in Hen. the VIIIth's chapel.

Mary dutchesse of Buckingham was the only daughter of Thomas lord Fairfax, and Ann, the daughter of Horace Lord Vere. A most virtuous and pious lady, in a vitious age and court. If she had any of the vanities, she had certainly none of the vices of it. The duke and she lived lovingly and decently together; she patiently bearing with those faults in him which she could not remedy. She survived him many years, and died near St. James at Westminster, and was buried in the vault of the family of Villiers, in Hen. VIIIth's chapel, anno 1705. ætat. 66.

2. The following, in grisly contrast to Fairfax's account, comes from Lord PETERBOROUGH.

The witty Duke of Buckingham was an extreme bad man. His duel with Lord Shrewsbury was concerted between him and Lady Shrewsbury. All that morning she was trembling for her gallant, and wishing the death of her husband; and, after his fall, 'tis said the duke slept with her in his bloody shirt.—*Spence's Anecdotes, Malone's Edition, 1820, p. 164.*

3. Bp. G. BURNET, in his *History of my own Times*, gives this character:— He had a great liveliness of wit, and a peculiar faculty of turning all things into ridicule with bold figures and natural descriptions. He had no sort of literature: Only he was drawn into chymistry: And for some years he thought he was very near the finding the philosopher's stone; which had the effect that attends on all such men as he was, when they are drawn in, to lay out for it. He had no principles of religion, vertue, or friendship. Pleasure, frolick, or extravagant diversion was all that he laid to heart. He was true to nothing, for he was not true to himself. He had no steadiness nor conduct. He could keep no secret, nor execute any design without spoiling it. He could never fix his thoughts, nor govern his estate, tho' then the greatest in *England*. He was bred about the King: And for many years he had a great ascendancy over him: But he spake of him to all persons with that contempt, that at last he drew a lasting disgrace upon himself. And he at length ruined both body and mind, fortune and reputation equally. The madness of vice appeared in his person in very eminent instances; since at last he became contemptible and poor, sickly, and sunk in his parts, as well as in all other respects, so that his conversation was as much avoided as ever it had been courted. He found the King, when he came from his travels in the year 45, newly come to *Paris*, sent over by his father when his affairs declined: And finding the King enough inclined to receive ill impressions, he, who was then got into all the impieties and vices of the age, set himself to corrupt the King, in which he was too successful, being seconded in that wicked design by the Lord *Percy*. And to compleat the matter, *Hobbs* was brought to him, under the pretence of instructing him in mathematicks: And he laid before him his schemes, both with relation to religion and politicks, which made deep and lasting impressions on the King's mind. So that the main blame of the King's ill principles, and bad morals, was owing to the Duke of *Buckingham*. *i. 100. Ed. 1724.*

4. Count GRAMMONT, in his *Memoirs*, thus sketches him about the year 1663.

At this time the king's attachment to Miss Stewart [afterwards privately married to the Duke of Richmond, which marriage was publicly declared in Apr. 1667] was so public, that every person perceived, that if she was but possessed of art, she might become as absolute a mistress over his conduct as she was over his heart. This was a fine opportunity for those who had experience and ambition. The Duke of Buckingham formed the design of governing her in order to ingratiate himself with the king; God knows what a governor he would have been, and what a head he was possessed of, to guide another; however, he was the properest man in the world to insinuate himself with Miss Stewart; she was childish in her behaviour, and laughed at every thing, and her taste for frivolous amusements, though unaffected, was only allowable in a girl about twelve or thirteen years old. A child, however, she was, in every other respect, except playing with a doll; blind-man's buff was her most favourite amusement; she was building castles of cards, while the deepest play was going on in her apartments, where you saw her surrounded by eager courtiers, who handed her the cards, or young architects, who endeavoured to imitate her.

She had, however, a passion for music, and had some taste for singing. The Duke of Buckingham, who built the finest towers of cards imaginable, had an agreeable voice: she had no aversion to scandal; he made songs, and invented old women's stories with which she was delighted; but his particular talent consisted in turning into ridicule whatever was ridiculous in other people, and in taking them off, even in their presence, without their perceiving it. In short, he knew how to act all parts, with so much grace and pleasantry, that it was difficult to do without him, when he had a mind to make himself agreeable; and he made himself so necessary to Miss Stewart's amusement, that she sent all over the town to seek for him, when he did not attend the king to her apartments.

He was extremely handsome, and still thought himself much more so than he really was; although he had a great deal of discernment; yet his vanity made him mistake some civilities as intended for his person, which were only bestowed on his wit and drollery. pp. 141-2. Ed. 1846.

5. SAMUEL BUTLER, Author of *Hudibras*, in a collection of *Characters* chiefly written between 1667 and 1669, in Wales; but first printed by R. Thyer, in *Genuine Remains*, in 1759, has the following one, entitled *A Duke of Bucks*.

Is one that has studied the whole Body of Vice. His Parts are disproportionate to the whole, and like a Monster he has more of some, and less of others than he should have. He has pulled down all that Fabric that *Nature* raised in him, and built himself up again after a Model of his own. He has dam'd up all those Lights, that Nature made into the noblest Prospects of the World, and opened other little blind Loopholes backward, by turning Day into Night, and Night into Day. His Appetite to his Pleasures is diseased and crazy, like the Pica in a Woman, that longs to eat that, which was never made for Food, or a Girl in the Green-sickness, that eats Chalk and Mortar. Perpetual Surfeits of Pleasure have filled his Mind with bad and vicious Humours (as well as his Body with a Nursery of Diseases) which makes him affect new and extravagant Ways, as being sick and tired with the Old. Continual Wine, Women, and Music put false Values upon Things, which by Custom become habitual, and debauch his Understanding so, that he retains no right Notion nor Sense of Things. And as the same Dose of the same Physic has no Operation on those, that are much used to it; so his Pleasures require a larger Proportion of Excess and Variety, to render him sensible of them. He rises, eats, and goes to Bed by the *Julian* Account, long after all others that go by the *new Stile*; and keeps the same Hours with Owls and the *Antipodes*. He is a great Observer of the *Tartars* Customs, and never eats, till the great *Cham* having dined makes Proclamation, that all the World may go to Dinner. He does not dwell in his House, but haunt[s] it, like an evil Spirit, that walks all Night to disturb the Family, and never appears by Day. He lives perpetually benighted, runs out of his Life, and loses his Time, as Men do their Ways in the Dark; and as blind Men are led by their Dogs, so is he governed by some mean Servant or other, that relates to his Pleasures. He is as inconstant as the Moon, which he lives under; and altho' he does nothing but advise with his Pillow

12 Other Characters of G. VILLIERS, Duke of Buckingham.

all Day, he is as great a Stranger to himself, as he is to the rest of the World. His Mind entertains all Things very freely, that come and go; but, like Guests and Strangers they are not welcome, if they stay long—This lays him open to all Cheats, Quacks, and Impostors, who apply to every particular Humour while it lasts, and afterwards vanish. Thus with St. Paul, tho' in a different sense, he *dies daily*, and only lives in the Night. He deforms Nature, while he intends to adorn her, like *Indians*, that hang Jewels in their Lips and Noses. His Ears are perpetually drilled with a Fiddlestick. He endures Pleasures with less Patience, than other Men do their Pains. *ii. 72—5.*

6. DRYDEN published anonymously, on 17th November, 1681, the first part of *Absalom and Achitophel* (which went through five editions in two years) in which he gives the following character of Buckingham:—

Such were the tools; but a whole Hydra more
Remains, of sprouting heads too long, to score.
Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:
In the first Rank of these did *Zimri* stand:
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long:
But, in the course of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymist, Fidler, States-Man, and Buffoon:
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking:
Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Blest Madman, who could every hour employ
With something New to wish, or to enjoy!
Rayling and praising were his usual Theams:
And both (to shew his Judgment) in Extreams:
So over Violent, or over Civil,
That every man, with him, was God or Devil.
In squandering Wealth was his peculiar Art:
Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert.
Begger'd by Fools, whom still he found too late:
He had his Jest, and they had his Estate.
He laught himself from Court, then sought Relief
By forming Parties, but could ne're be Chief:
For, spite of him, the weight of Business fell
On *Absalom* and his wise *Achitophel*:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not Faction, but of that was left.

Dryden, writing—after Buckingham was dead and buried—his *Dedication* [the subject of which is the Origin and Progress of Satire] to the *Satires of Juvenal*, London, fol. 1693, gives his own opinion of this sketch:—

How easie it is to call Rogue and Villain, and that wittily? But how hard to make a Man appear a Fool, a Blockhead, or a Knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms? To spare the grossness of the Names, and to do the thing yet more severely. . . . This is the Mystery of that Noble Trade; which yet no Master can teach to his Apprentice: He may give the Rules, but the Scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of Raillery is offensive. A witty Man is tickl'd while he is hurt in this manner; and a Fool feels it not. The occasion of an Offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. . . . I wish I cou'd apply it to my self, if the Reader wou'd be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The Character of *Zimri* in my *Absalom*, is, in my Opinion, worth the whole Poem: 'Tis not bloody, but 'tis ridiculous enough. And he for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had rail'd, I might have suffer'd for it justly: But I manag'd my own Work more happily, perhaps more dextrously. I avoided the mention of great Crimes, and apply'd my self to the representing of Blind-sides, and little Extravagancies. To which, the wittier a Man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wish'd; the Jest went round, and he was laugh't at in his turn who began the Frolick *p. xlii.*

THE REHEARSAL.

INTRODUCTION.



IN the year 1708, was published in London, *Roscius Anglicanus, or an Historical Review of the Stage*, by JOHN DOWNES. In a prefatory Address 'To the Reader,' he gives the following account of himself:—

The Editor of the ensuing Relation, being long Converst with the Plays and Actors of the Original Company, under the Patent of Sir *William Davenant*, at his Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, Open'd there 1662. And as Book keeper and Prompter, continu'd so, till *October* 1706. He Writing out all the Parts in each Play; and Attending every Morning the Actors Rehearsals, and their Performances in Afternoons; Emboldens him to affirm, he is not very Erronious in his Relation. But as to the Actors of *Drury-Lane* Company, under Mr. *Thomas Killigrew*, he having the Account from Mr. *Charles Booth* sometimes Book-keeper there; If he a little Deviates, as to the Successive Order, and exact time of their Plays Performances, He begs Pardon of the Reader, and Subscribes himself, His very Humble Servant. *John Downes.*

He then proceeds to give an account of the two companies, their members, plays, &c., of which the following are some of the more essential portions:—

In the Reign of King *Charles* the First, there were Six Play Houses allow'd in Town: The *Black-Fryars* Company, His Majesty's Servants; The Bull in *St. John's-street*; another in *Salisbury Court*; another call'd the *Fortune*; another at the *Globe*; and the Sixth at the Cock-Pit in *Drury-Lane*; all which continu'd Acting till the beginning of the said Civil Wars. The scattered Remnant of several of these Houses, upon King *Charles's* Restoration, Fram'd a Company who Acted again at the Bull, and Built them a new House in *Gibbon's Tennis Court* in *Clare-Market*; in which Two Places they continu'd Acting all 1660, 1661, 1662 and part of 1663. In this time they Built them a New Theatre in *Drury Lane*: Mr. *Thomas Killigrew* gaining a Patent from the King in order to Create them the King's Servants; and from that time, they call'd themselves his Majesty's Company of Comedians in *Drury Lane*. . . . The Company being thus Compleat, they open'd the New Theatre in *Drury-Lane*, on *Thursday* in *Easter Week*, being the 8th, Day of *April* 1663. With *The Humorous Lieutenant*.*

Many others [*i.e.* Plays] were Acted by the Old Company at the Theatre Royal, from the time they begun, till the Patent descended to Mr. *Charles Killigrew*, which in 1682, he join'd it to Dr. *Davenant's* Patent, whose Company Acted then in *Dorset Garden*, which upon the Union, were Created the King's Company: After which, Mr. *Hart* Acted no more, having a Pension to the Day of his Death, from the United Company.*

Next follows an Account of the Rise and Progression, of the Dukes Servants; under the Patent of Sir *William Davenant* who upon the said Junction in 1682, remov'd to the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*, and Created the King's Company.

In the Year 1659, General *Monk*, Marching then his Army out of *Scotland* to *London*. Mr. *Rhodes* a Bookfeller being Wardrobe-Keeper formerly (as I am inform'd) to King *Charles* the First's, Company of Comedians in *Black-Friars*; getting a License from the then Governing State, fitted up a House then for Acting call'd the *Cock Pit* in *Drury-Lane*, and in a short time Completed his Company.†

In this Interim, Sir *William Davenant* gain'd a Patent from the King, and Created Mr. *Betterton* and all the rest of *Rhodes's* Company, the King's Servants; who were Sworn by my Lord *Manchester* then Lord Chamberlain, to Serve his Royal Highness the Duke of *York*, at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*.‡ . . .

His Company being now Compleat, Sir *William* in order to prepare Plays to Open his Theatre, it being then a Building in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*, His Company Rehears'd the First and Second Part of 'The Siege of *Rhodes*'; and 'The Wits' at *Pothecaries-Hall*: And in Spring 1662, Open'd his House with the said Plays, having new Scenes and Decorations, being the first that e're were Introduc'd in *England*.§

These being all the Principal, which we call'd Stock-Plays; that were Acted from the Time they Open'd the Theatre in 1662, to the beginning of May 1665, at which time the *Plague* began to Rage: The Company ceas'd Acting; till the *Christmases* after the Fire in 1666.¶

The new Theatre in *Dorset-Garden* being Finish'd, and our Company after Sir *William's* [*Davenant*] Death, being under the Rule and Dominion of his Widow the Lady *Davenant*, Mr *Betterton*, and Mr *Harris*, (Mr *Charles Davenant* her Son Acting for her) they remov'd from *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* thither. And on the Ninth Day of *November* 1671, they open'd their new Theatre with Sir *Martin Marral*.¶

All the preceding Plays, being the cheife that were Acted in *Dorset-Garden*, from *November* 1671, to the Year 1682; at which time the Patentees of each Company United Patents, and by so Incorporating the Duke's Company were made the King's Company, and immediately remov'd to the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*. **

Such is the history, by an eye-witness, of the London stage soon after the Restoration.

The then general state of society and town life is described in the third chapter of Lord Macaulay's *History of England*. At present we have only to deal with one particular fashion of dramatic composition.—the new, grandiloquent, bombastic, pseudo-heroic plays, introduced by D'Avenant, and having for their master-writer Dryden. It is impossible here to measure the extravagance of these plays: somewhat, however, may be gathered from the Illustrations to the present work.

Affiliated with this was the inordinate use of rhyming verse. Dryden in early life fought the battle of rhyme against Sir Robert Howard; only afterwards publicly to abandon it, in his *Lines to the Earl of Roscommon*, in 1680.

To ridicule these rhyming mouthing plays and with not a little personality—after the common custom of that time—to attack their authors, were the chief objects of Villiers and his coadjutors in writing *The Rehearsal*. Its merit however is as much in its conception as in its execution: in seeing that the popular rant was rant, and in determining to expose it: as in writing the studied nonsense of which this play is so largely composed. Hence, the importance of *The Rehearsal* in our national literature, is not so much from its intrinsic merits, most laughable as are some of the parodies; but from its marking—despite a partial failure to influence at the time—a bend in the stream of dramatic composition.

Two scholars, who have well studied this portion of our literary history, give the following accounts of this play.

EDMOND MALONE, in his *Life of Dryden*, thus writes:

The great success which had attended Dryden's heroic plays, doubtless excited the jealousy of the rival candidates for fame. In this class, however, we cannot place Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was so far from exercising his pen in any performance of that kind, that he thought the loud applause which had been bestowed for some years on the rhyming tragedies produced

by D'Avenant, Dryden, Staphylton, Howard, Killigrew, and others, much misplaced, and resolved to correct the publick taste by holding them up to ridicule. With this view, in conjunction, it is said, with Martin Clifford, Master of the Charter House, Butler, Sprat, and others, he wrote the celebrated farce entitled THE REHEARSAL. Some of the contemporary writers have stated, that it took up as much time as the Siege of Troy; and with justice express their surprize, that such a combination of wits, and a period of ten years, should have been requisite for a work, which apparently a less numerous band could have produced without such mighty throws. In the Key to this piece, published by a bookseller in 1704, we are told, that it was written, and ready for representation, before the middle of the year 1665, and that Sir Robert Howard, under the name of *Bilboa*, was then intended to have been the hero of the farce. That some interlude of this kind might have been thus early intended, is not improbable, but assuredly the original hero was not Howard, but D'Avenant; not only on account of the name of *Bilboa*, which alludes to his military character, (for he was Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance under the Duke of Newcastle, in the Civil Wars,) but from the circumstance of the patch that in the course of the drama he is obliged to wear on his nose; which can relate to none but D'Avenant. Besides, he was a much more distinguished character, not only as Poet Laureate, but as superintendant of the Duke of York's Company of Comedians, and the introducer of heroic plays on the English stage. The allusions to Sir Robert Howard's tragedies are so few and inconsiderable, that he never could have been the author's principal object.—As soon as it was resolved that Dryden should be the hero, an abundant use was made of his INDIAN EMPEROR and CONQUEST OF GRANADA; yet the author was unwilling to lose any of the strokes which were peculiarly levelled at D'Avenant, and thus the piece became a kind of patchwork.

This lively farce was first performed on the 7th of December, 1671, and was published in the following year. . . . Much of the success, doubtless, was owing to the mimicry employed, Dryden's dress, and manner, and usual expressions, were all minutely copied, and the Duke of Buckingham took incredible pains in teaching Lacy, the original performer of Bayes, to speak some passages of that part, in these he probably imitated Dryden's mode of recitation, which was by no means excellent.*

A more recent editor, Mr. ROBERT BELL in his *Life of Dryden* prefixed to his *Poetical Works*, gives this account of the present play.

Davenant enjoys the credit of having introduced what were called heroic plays. Dryden established them. They were

* *Critical and Mis. Prose Works of J. Dryden*, i. 94—100. Ed. 1800.

called heroic because they were written in a language elevated above nature, and exhibit passion in a state of maniacal ecstasy. These pieces had now held possession of the stage some nine or ten years, when the Duke of Buckingham undertook to expose their absurdities in *The Rehearsal*, produced in the winter of 1671. It is said that he was assisted in the design by Butler, Sprat, Clifford, and others. This is probable enough, from the structure of the ridicule, which resembles a piece of mosaic work. Davenant was originally meant for the hero, but his recent death seems to have led to the substitution of Dryden, who was on other accounts a more conspicuous mark for this sort of satire. Not satisfied with parodying some of the most familiar passages in Dryden's plays, the Duke of Buckingham took considerable pains in teaching Lacy, who performed *Bayes*, to mimic his author in his manner of reciting them. Dryden was notoriously a bad reader, and had a hesitating and tedious delivery, which, skilfully imitated in lines of surpassing fury and extravagance, must have produced an irresistible effect upon the audience. The humour was enhanced by the dress, gesticulations, and by-play of the actor, which presented a close imitation of his original. Dryden bore this unwarrantable attack in silence; being fully conscious, no doubt, that so far as it reflected upon his plays it was unanswerable. But he afterwards showed that he had a keen sense of the obligations the duke had laid him under on this occasion, and he discharged them in full, with compound interest, in his *Abraham and Achitophel*.

The town was highly amused, although its taste was not in the least degree corrected, by *The Rehearsal*. Heroic plays continued to flourish as long as Dryden continued to write them; a drudgery which his necessities imposed upon him for several years afterwards.

Milton died on the 8th of November, 1674. . . . †

Five editions of *The Rehearsal* appeared in the Author's life time. Of the second and third I cannot learn even the dates. There is a copy of the fourth, 1683, in the Bodleian. An examination of the fifth, 1687, would seem to show a general permanence of the text, but that, probably in each edition, there were here and there additions and alterations *en bloc*, instigated by the appearance of fresh heroic plays: some of these additions increase, with the multiplying corruption of the times, in personality and moral offensiveness. For our literary history, the first edition is sufficient. That, the reader now has.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.—'THE REHEARSAL.'

* Editions not seen. † Editions having the 'Key' either before or after the text. § having the 'Key' in footnotes.

(a) Issues in the Author's lifetime.

I. As a separate publication.

1. 1672. London. 1 vol. 4to. *Editio princeps*: see title at p. 25.
2. ?
3. ?
4. *1683. London. 1 vol. 4to. *Fourth edition*. There is a copy in Bodleian Library.
5. 1687. London. 1 vol. 4to. Title as No. 1. 'The Fifth Edition with Amendments and large Additions by the Author.'

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

I. As a separate publication.

6. 1692. London. 1 vol. 4to. Title as No. 1. *The Sixth Edition*.
7. 1701. London. 1 vol. 4to. Title as No. 1. *The Seventh Edition*.
10. 1710. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 'The Rehearsal'; a Comedy Written by his Grace, GEORGE late Duke of BUCKINGHAM to expose some Plays then in vogue, and their Authors. With a Key and Remarks, necessary to Illustrate the most material passages of this piece, and to point out the authors and Writings here exposed. Never Printed with it before. London Printed in the year 1710.
13. †1735. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 'The Rehearsal' &c. *The Thirteenth Edition*.
15. †1755. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 'The Rehearsal' &c. *The Fifteenth Edition*.
16. 1768. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 'The Rehearsal' &c. *The Seventeenth Edition*. With the new occasional Prologue, written by PAUL WHITEHEAD Esq. on opening Covent Garden Theatre, Sept the 14th 1767.
21. 2 Nov. 1868. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*. See title at page 1.

II. With other Works.

8. *1704. London. ? vols. 8vo. Works. *First edition*.
11. §1711-12. London. 10 vols. 8vo. *A Collection of the best English Plays. Chosen out of all the best Authors*. Printed for the Company of Booksellers. 'The Rehearsal' is in Vol. 11.
12. †1715 (1714). London. 2 vols. 8vo. The Dramatick works of his Grace George Villiers, Late Duke of Buckingham. With his Miscellaneous Poems, Essays and Letters. *Adorn'd with cuts*. 'The Rehearsal' is in Vol. 11.
14. §1754. Edinburgh. 1 vol. 12mo. The genuine Works of his Grace George Villiers Duke of Buckingham. Compleat. pp. 159-247.
17. 1787. London. ? 1 vol. 8vo. *Theatrical Magazine* 'The Rehearsal.' A Comedy as it is acted at the Theatres Royal in Drury Lane and Covent Garden.
18. 1797. London. 34 vols. 8vo. *Bell's British Theatre*. 'The Rehearsal' is in Vol. 29.
19. †1761-1808. 2 vols. 8vo. An edition of Villiers' Works: prepared by Bishop Percy, but never published. It was nearly all destroyed by fire in 1808. See pp. 'The Rehearsal,' and its 'Key,' are in Vol. 1.
20. †1811. London. 5 vols. 8vo. *The Modern British Drama*. 'The Rehearsal' is in Vol. 4.

∴ This list is imperfect.

THERE is no authoritative explanation of the allusions and parodies in the present play. All that can be done is to summarize the successive attempts at its exposition.

1. Twenty years after its appearance, but in Dryden's life-time; GERARD LANGBAINÉ gives this account of it, in his *Eng. Dram. Poets*. Oxford. p. 546. Ed. 1691.

Rehearsal, a Comedy acted at the Theatre-Royal; printed [4th Edit.] quarto Lond. 1683. This Play is ascribed to the Late Duke of Buckingham, and will ever be valued by Ingenious Men. There are some who pretend to furnish a *Clavis* to it; my Talent not lying to Politicks, I know no more of it, than that the Author lashes several Plays of Mr. Dryden; As *Conquest of Granada*, *Tyrannick Love*, *Love in a Nunnery*, and some passages of other Plays; as *The Siege of Rhodes*, *Virgin Widow*, *Slighted Maid*, *Villain*, *English Monsieur*, &c.

2. Dean LOCKIER in Spence's ANECDOTES, p. 63. Ed. 1820, remarks,

The *Rehearsal* (one of the best pieces of criticism that ever was) and Butler's inimitable poem of *Hudibras*, must be quite lost to the readers in a century more, if not soon well commended. Tonson has a good Key to the former, but refuses to print it, because he had been so much obliged to Dryden.

3. Only two Keys have ever been printed: it may be well to consider their respective histories, before we take them in connection with the text.

(a) In 1704, in the first edition of Villiers' works in 8vo, of which I cannot learn of any copy anywhere, appeared—S. BRISCOE'S Key, which has been very often reprinted; at first separate from the text in 1710, next with it as footnotes: see opposite page.

(b) JUNE 12, 1761. Bp. T. PERCY entered into an agreement with Mess. Tonson, to publish an edition of the Works of George Villiers, the 2d Duke of Buckingham, for which he received 52 guineas. J. Nichols *Lit. Anec.* 18th Cent. iii. 758. Ed. 1812.

On 15 Jan. 1764, Bp. Percy thus writes to Dr. Birch.

I ought to blush for having detained your books so long; but one work has been delayed through the expectation of enlarging the stock of materials. The 'Key to the *Rehearsal*' has long been printed off, all but the last sheet, which we still keep open to receive some additions that we take for granted will be picked up from a play of Edward Howard's, entitled 'Six Days Adventure, or the New Utopia, 4to 1671,' if we can once be so lucky as to light upon it. This is the only play of that age which I have not seen. Mr. Garrick unluckily has not got it in his collection, and Mr. Tonson has advertised a small premium for it, hitherto without success. It is only scarce because it is worthless; and therefore, if chance should throw it in your way, may I intreat the favour of you to procure me a sight of it?—J. B. Nichols. *Ill. of Lit. Hist.* vii. 572. Ed. 1848.

Twenty-eight years later; Bp. Percy, thus writes to Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, under date 11 Aug. 1792.

I have at length been able to collect for your Lordship the sheets of Lord Surrey and the Duke of Buckingham. They have been printed off about 25 years. Since the death of Jacob Tonson, at whose instance they were undertaken, and who ought to have assigned them to other persons, they have been wholly discontinued. My fondness for these pursuits declining, I laid both those works aside, till I could offer them to some younger editor than myself, who could with more propriety resume them. I have now an ingenious nephew, of both my names, who is a fellow of St. John's College, in Oxford, and both able and desirous to complete them. To him I have given all the sheets so long since printed off, and whatever papers I had upon the subject.

Of the 'Duke of Buckingham' Tonson wished to have every thing collected which had ever been ascribed to him: but I believe I shall only recommend to my nephew to publish what is numbered vol. 1. in the sheets now offered to your Lordship. Between the '*Rehearsal*' and the '*Key*' were once printed the '*Chances*' and the '*Restoration*'; but the intermediate sheets have been cancelled and consigned to the trunk-makers. And the same fate

awaits the smaller pieces, collected into what is herewith numbered vol. 11. They are only submitted to your Lordship in confidence, and I believe you will think them scarcely deserving republication.—J. B. Nichols, *Idem*, viii. p. 289.

Mr. Nichols thus narrates the fate of this edition.

Dr. Percy had, soon after the year 1760, proceeded very far at the press with an admirable edition of 'Surrey's Poems,' and also with a good edition of the Works of Villiers Duke of Buckingham; both which, from a variety of causes, remained many years unfinished in the warehouse of Mr. Tonson in the Savoy, but were resumed in 1795, and nearly brought to a conclusion; when the whole impression of both works was unfortunately consumed by the fire in Red Lion Passage in 1808. *Lit. Anec. 18th Cent.* iii. 161. Ed. 1812.

Of this edition there is a copy in 2 Vols, complete so far as prepared but without a printed title page, in the British Museum. [Press Mark, C. 39. g.] The MS. title-page thus runs, 'An edition prepared by Bp. Percy. But never published. Nearly unique.' There is however under Press Mark, 643. e. 10. a fragment of the first Volume containing the Rehearsal and its Key.

4. Prefaced to both these 'Keys' is an introduction. I give first Bp. PERCY'S, because though a century later in date, it describes that of 1704.

b. ADVERTISEMENT.

THE former KEY hath long been complained of as inaccurate and defective; and yet has commonly past for the work of the Duke of Buckingham. That it is the former, and cannot be the latter, a slight perusal must convince every Reader. The Duke could not be ignorant of his own meaning, nor doubtful about the aim of his own satire; yet many passages in that work display both ignorance and doubt. That the Preface prefixed to it was written long after the death of our noble author, evidently appears from several passages: Thus the author quotes Collier's view of the stage, which was first published in 1698, whereas the Duke died in 1687. He also speaks of the Rehearsal as having flourished in print two and thirty years, which brings it down to the year 1704, when the first edition of the KEY was printed.

We are not to wonder that an explanation of so popular a satire should be wanted at that time by the public, or that the booksellers should be desirous of profiting by its impatience. Accordingly in the 7th Edition of the Rehearsal printed in 1701 4to, the title-page promises "Some explanatory notes;" but these upon examination appear to be only four slight marginal references, two of which are false, and a third superfluous. At length in the second volume of the Duke's works 8vo, the larger attempt appeared under the following title

A KEY TO THE REHEARSAL OR A CRITICAL VIEW OF THE AUTHORS AND Their Writings, that are exposed in that celebrated Play:

Written by his Grace GEORGE late Duke of Buckingham

LONDON: Printed for S. Briscoe, 1704.

Here by a little bookseller's craft in making a break after the word PLAY, the KEY is represented as written by the Duke; when probably at first no more was meant than that the play was written by him. After all 'tis possible, that the key may have been supplied in part from some of the Duke's papers, and then the errors and defects are to be charged on those who put them together and made additions to them.

Erroneous and defective, as that attempt was, the public had little room to expect a better. It is near a century since the Rehearsal was first printed; and who at this distance of time could hope to recover any considerable matters of explanation, that had escaped former inquirers? No such sanguine expectations had the present compiler. The deficiencies of the former key led him sometimes to look into the plays referred to, but without any intention of attempting a new one. He soon found however that some obvious improvements might still be made; and the success of his researches encouraged him to extend them; 'till at length he resolved by a professed pursuit, to compleat what he had begun by accidental snatches. To this he was encouraged by the free access, which Mr. Garrick in the politest manner gave him to his large collection of old plays; by far the completest ever made in these kingdoms. Here the editor found almost every dramatic piece in our

Continued at pages 26, 32, 36, 46, 48.

THE
REHEARSAL,

As it was Acted at the

Theatre-Royal.



LONDON,

Printed for *Thomas Dring*, at the *White-Lyon*,
next *Chancery-lane* end in *Fleet-*
street. 1672.

¹ Dryden, in his prefatory *Essay Of Heroique Playes to The Conquest of Granada*, Ed. 1672, thus gives the origin of the new way of writing plays.

“For Heroick Plays, (in which onely I have us'd it [*i. e.*, Rhyme] without the mixture of Prose) the first light we had of them on the *English Theatre* was from the late Sir *William D'Avenant*: It being forbidden him in the Rebellious times to act Tragedies and Comedies, because they contain'd some matter of Scandal to those good people, who could more easily dispossess their lawful Sovereign then endure a wanton jeast; he was forc'd to turn his thoughts another way; and to introduce the examples of moral vertue, writ in verse, and perform'd in *Recitative Musique*. The Original of this musick and of the Scenes which adorn'd his work, he had from the *Italian Operas*: but he heightn'd his Characters (as I may probably imagine) from the example of *Corneille* and some *French Poets*. In this Condition did this part of Poetry remain at his Majesties return. When growing bolder, as being now own'd by a publick Authority, he review'd his *Siege of Rhodes*, and caus'd it to be acted as a just *Drama*; but as few men have the happines to begin and finish any new project, so neither did he live to make his design perfect.”

² (a) GERARD LANGBAIN gives this account of Lacy:—

A Comedian whose Abilities in Action were sufficiently known to all that frequented the King's Theatre, where he was for many years an Actor, and perform'd all Parts that he undertook to a miracle; infomuch that I am apt to believe, that as *this Age* never had, so the *next* never will have his *Equal*, at least not his *Superiour*. He was so well approv'd of by King *Charles the Second*, an undeniable Judge in Dramatick Arts, that he caus'd his Picture to be drawn, in three several Figures in the same Table, *viz.* That of *Teague* in the *Committee*, Mr. *Scruple* in *The Cheats*, and *M. Galliard*, in *The Variety*: which piece is still in being in *Windfor Castle*. Nor did his Talent wholly lye in Acting, he knew both how to judge and write Plays: and if his Comedies are somewhat allied to French Farce, 'tis out of choice, rather than want of Ability to write true Comedy.

Account of Eng. Dram. Poets, p. 317. Oxenford, 1691.

Lacy wrote four Comedies, printed in the following years:—

Dumb Lady, or *The Farriar made Physitian*, 1672, 4to.

Old Troop, or *Monsieur Ragou*, 1672, 4to.

Sawny the Scot, or *The Taming of a Shrew*, 1677, 4to.

Sir Hercules Buffoon, or *The Poetical Squire*, 1684, 4to.

(b) Dean LOCKIER, in Spence's ANECDOTES, p. 63, Ed. 1820, says:—

It is incredible what pains Buckingham took with one of the actors, to teach him to speak some passages in Bayes' part, in *The Rehearsal* right.

This actor was Lacy, see p. 16.

'PROLOGUE.



WE might well call this short Mock-play of
ours

A Posie made of Weeds instead of Flowers ;
Yet such have been presented to your noses,

And there are such, I fear, who thought 'em Roses.

Would some of 'em were here, to see, this night,
What stuff it is in which they took delight.

Here, brisk, insipid Blades, for wit, let fall
Sometimes dull fence ; but oft'ner, none at all :

There, strutting Heroes, with a grim-fac'd train,
Shall brave the Gods, in King *Cambyfes* vain.

For (changing Rules, of late, as if men writ
In spite of Reason, Nature, Art, and Wit)

Our Poets make us laugh at Tragoedy,
And with their Comedies they make us cry.

Now, Critiques, do your worst, that here are met ;
For, like a Rook, I have hedg'd in my Bet.

If you approve ; I shall assume the state
Of those high-flyers whom I imitate :

And justly too ; for I will shew you more
Than ever they vouchsaf'd to shew before :

I will both represent the feats they do,
And give you all their reasons for 'em too.

Some honour to me will from this arise.

But if, by my endeavours, you grow wise,
And what was once so prais'd you now despise ;

Then I'll cry out, swell'd with Poetique rage,
'Tis I, *John Lacy*,² have reform'd your Stage.

The Actors Names

BAYES.
JOHNSON.
SMITH.
Two Kings of Brentford.
Prince Pretty-man.
Prince Volscius.
Gentleman Usher.
Physician.
Drawcanfir.
General
Lieutenant General.
Cordelio.
Tom Thimble.
Fisherman.
Sun.
Thunäer.
Players.
Souldiers.
Two Heralds.
Four Cardinals.
Mayor.
Judges.
Serjeants at Arms.

Women.

Amaryllis.
Cloris.
Parthenope.
Pallas.
Lightning.
Moon.
Earth.

Attendants of Men and Women.

SCENE. BRENTFORD.



THE REHEARSAL.

ACTUS I. SCÆNA I.

JOHNSON *and* SMITH.

JOHNS.



Oneſt *Frank!* I'm glad to ſee thee with all my heart: how long haſt thou been in Town?

SMI. Faith, not above an hour: and, if I had not met you here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk with you freely, of all the ſtrange new things we have heard in the Country.

JOHNS. And, by my troth, I have long'd as much to laugh with you, at all the impertinent, dull, fantaſtical things, we are tir'd out with here.

SMI. Dull and fantaſtical! that's an excellent compoſition. Pray, what are our men of buſineſs doing?

JOHNS. I ne'er enquire after 'em. Thou know'ſt my humour lyes another way. I love to pleaſe my ſelf as much, and to trouble others as little as I can: and therefore do naturally avoid the company of thoſe ſolemn Fops; who, being incapable of Reaſon, and inſenſible of Wit and Pleaſure, are always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought men of Buſineſs.

language, and had thereby an advantage, which perhaps no former compiler ever had, in having all his materials ready collected to his hands. He had nothing to do, but sit down and examine: he accordingly read over every play, which the Duke could be supposed to have in his eye; chiefly all such as were either published or revived from the time of the Restoration till the publication of the Rehearsal: for tho' the Duke's view was chiefly to satirize what was then called "the new way of writing," yet he often exposes absurdities of longer standing, chiefly when the plays, which contained them, had been revived afresh, or still continued to captivate the publick.

How far the research upon the whole has been successful the Reader will judge from the following pages. He will find many obscurities removed; and numerous references recovered: far more of both than could reasonably be expected, considering that no assistance could be had but what is fetched from books, and that all personal information has been long since swallowed up in the gulph of time. It must however be acknowledged that our inquiries have not always been successful: Some passages still remain, that evidently allude to absurdities then current upon the stage, yet of which we could find no traces in any play then published. But this is no more than might be expected: We have that one play,* which the Duke has professedly ridiculed, was damned in the representation and therefore never printed; and the same might also be the case with others. Again the authors might remove the offensive passages from such plays as they published, so that no appearance of them is now remaining. After all, we are not to suppose that so masterly a pencil, as the Duke's, when finishing such a character as that of Bayes, would be confined to a mere dead likeness: he would not fail to heighten the caricature with a thousand touches supplied from his own fancy, and bring in whatever served to render the piece compleat, whether it resembled the original or not.

Altho' the former key was faulty, it contained some particulars too valuable to be suppressed; we have therefore inserted the several articles everywhere in our own, taking care to correct the mistakes, and distinguishing every such article by an asterisk (*). We have also retained the former preface; as it preserved the memory of certain facts necessary to the illustration of the Rehearsal, and not found anywhere else.

We next give BRISCOE's address.

a. *The Publisher to the Reader.*

THOU canst not be ignorant, that the town has had an eager expectation of a KEY to the REHEARSAL ever since it first appeared in print; and none has more earnestly desired it than myself, tho' in vain: Till lately a gentleman of my acquaintance recommended me to a person, who he believed could give me a further light into this matter, than I had hitherto met with from any hand.

In a short time I traced him out; and when I had found him, he appeared such a positive dogmatical spark, that I began to repent of my trouble in searching after him.

It was my misfortune over a pot of beer to begin a short discourse of the modern poets and actors: and immediately he fell into a great passion, and swore, that there were very few persons now living, who deserved the name of a good dramattick poet, or a natural actor; and declaimed against the present practice of the English stage with much violence; saying, he believed the two companies were joined in a confederacy against Smithfield, and resolved to ruin their fair, by out-doing them in their bombastick bills, and ridiculous representing their plays; adding, that he hoped ere long M. COLLIER and others would write them down to the devil. At the same time, he could not forbear to extol the excellent decorum and action of former years; and magnified the poets of the last age, especially Johnson, Shakespear, and Beaumont.

I bore all this with tolerable patience, knowing it to be too common with old men to commend the past age, and rail at the present; and so took my

* *The United Kingdoms, by Col. Henry Howard.* See pp. 46 and 90.]

SMI. Indeed, I have ever observed, that your grave lookers are the dullest of men.

JOHNS. I, and of Birds, and Beasts too : your gravest Bird is an Owl, and your gravest Beast is an Afs.

SMI. Well ; but how dost thou pass thy time ?

JOHNS. Why, as I use to do ; eat and drink as well as I can, have a She-friend to be private with in the afternoon, and sometimes see a Play : where there are such things (*Frank*) such hideous, monstrous things, that it has almost made me forswear the Stage, and resolve to apply my self to the solid nonsense of your pretenders to Business, as the more ingenious pastime.

SMI. I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new Plays, and our Country-wits commend 'em.

JOHNS. I, so do some of our City-wits too ; but they are of the new kind of Wits.

SMI. New kind ? what kind is that ?

JOHNS. Why, your Blade, your frank Persons, your Drolls : fellows that scorn to imitate Nature ; but are given altogether to elevate and surprize.

SMI. Elevate, and surprize ? pr'ythee make me understand the meaning of that.

JOHNS. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter : I don't understand that my self. 'Tis a phrase they have got among them, to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you, as well as I can, what it is. Let me see ; 'tis Fighting, Loving, Sleeping, Rhyming, Dying, Dancing, Singing, Crying ; and every thing, but Thinking and Sense.

Mr. BAYES passes o'er the Stage.

BAYES. Your most obsequious, and most observant, very fervant, Sir.

JOHNS. Godso, this is an Author : I'll fetch him to you.

SMI. Nay, pr'ythee let him alone.

JOHNS. Nay, by the Lord, I'll have him. [*Goes after him.*] Here he is. I have caught him. Pray, Sir, for my sake, will you do a favour to this friend of mine ?

'In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot,
and shew, ay, and pit, box, and gallery, I gad, with any
Play in *Europe*.

The usual language of the Honourable *Edward Howard*, Esq.;
at the Rehearfal of his Plays. . . . *Key*, 1704.

BAYES. Sir, it is not within my small capacity to do favours, but receive 'em ; especially from a person that does wear the honourable Title you are pleas'd to impose, Sir, upon this.—Sweet Sir, your servant.

SMI. Your humble servant, Sir.

JOHNS. But wilt thou do me a favour, now ?

BAYES. I, Sir : What is't ?

JOHNS. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last Play.

BAYES. How, Sir, the meaning ? do you mean the Plot.

JOHNS. I, I ; any thing.

BAYES. Faith, Sir, the Intrigo's now quite out of my head ; but I have a new one, in my pocket, that I may say is a Virgin ; 't has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing, 'Tis all new Wit ; and, though I say it, a better than my last : and you know well enough how that took. ' In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and shew, ay, and pit, box and gallery, I gad, with any Play in *Europe*. This morning is its last Rehearsal, in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted ; and if you, and your friend will do it but the honour to see it in its Virgin attire ; though, perhaps, it may blush, I shall not be ashamed to discover its nakedness unto you.—I think it is o' this side. *[Puts his hand in his pocket.*

JOHNS. Sir, I confess I am not able to answer you in this new way ; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you ; and I hope my friend will do so too.

SMI. I, Sir, I have no business so considerable, as should keep me from your company.

BAYES. Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy : this is my book of *Drama Common places* ; the Mother of many other Plays.

JOHNS. *Drama Common places* ! pray what's that ?

BAYES. Why, Sir, some certain helps, that we men of Art have found it convenient to make use of.

SMI. How, Sir, help for Wit ?

BAYES. I, Sir, that's my position. And I do here

I.

¹He who writ this, not without pains and thought
From *French* and *English* Theaters has brought
Th' exactest Rules by which a Play is wrought.

II.

The Unities of Action, Place, and Time ;
The Scenes unbroken ; and a mingled chime
Of *Johnsons* humour, with *Corneilles* rhyme.

J. DRYDEN, *Prologue to Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen*. Ed. 1668.

²In Dryden's lifetime, GERARD LANGBAIN, in his *Account of Eng. Dram. Poets*, Ed. 1691, p. 169, noticing Dryden's *Secret Love* or *The Maiden Queen*, says:—I cannot pass by his making use of *Bayes's Art of Transverfing*, as any One may observe by comparing the Fourth Stanza of his First Prologue, with the last Paragraph of the Preface of *Ibrahim*.

The title of this work, is as follows: "*Ibrahim. Or the Illustrious Bassa*. An excellent new Romance. The whole Work, in four Parts. Written in French by *Monsieur de Scudery*. And now Englished by HENRY COGAN, gent. London 1652." The paragraph referred to, runs thus:—

Behold, Reader, that which I had to say to you,
but what defence soever I have imployed, I know that
it is of works of this nature, as of a place of war,
where notwithstanding all the care the Engineer hath
brought to fortifie it, there is always some weak
part found, which he hath not dream'd of, and whereby
it is assaulted ; but this shall not surprize me ; for as

I have not forgot that I am a man, no more
have I forgot that I am subject to erre

This is thus verified in the fourth stanza of the same *Prologue*.

IV.

Plays are like Towns, which how e're fortify'd
By Engineers, have still some weaker side
By the o're-seen Defendant unesp'y'd.

averr, That no man yet the Sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a Stage, except it be with the help of these my Rules.¹

JOHNS. What are those Rules, I pray?

BAYES. Why, Sir, my first Rule is the Rule of Transversion,² or *Regula Duplex*: changing Verse into Prose, or Prose into verse, *alternative* as you please.

SML. How's that, Sir, by a Rule, I pray?

BAYES. Why, thus, Sir; nothing more easie when understood: I take a Book in my hand, either at home, or elsewhere, for that's all one, if there be any Wit in't, as there is no Book but has some, I Transverse it; that is, if it be Prose, put it into Verse, (but that takes up some time) if it be Verse, put it into Prose.

JOHNS. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, that putting Verse into Prose should be call'd Transprofing.

BAYES. By my troth, a very good Notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

SML. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

BAYES. Make it my own. 'Tis so alter'd that no man can know it. My next Rule is the Rule of Record, and by way of Table-Book. Pray observe.

JOHNS. Well, we hear you: go on.

BAYES. As thus. I come into a Coffee-house, or some other place where wittie men resort, I make as if I minded nothing; (do you mark?) but as soon as any one speaks, pop I flap it down, and make that, too, my own.

JOHNS. But, Mr. *Bayes*, are not you sometimes in danger of their making you restore, by force, what you have gotten thus by Art?

BAYES. No, Sir; the world's unmindful: they never take notice of these things.

SML. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, among all your other Rules, have you no one Rule for Invention?

BAYES. Yes, Sir; that's my third Rule that I have here in my pocket.

SML. What Rule can that be?

Continued from page 26.

leave of him for that time, with an intent never to trouble him more, and without acquainting him with my business.

When next I saw the gentleman my friend, who recommended him to me, I told him how I was entertained by his cynical acquaintance. He laughed, but bid me not be discouraged; saying, that fit of railing would soon have been over, and when his just indignation had spent itself, you might have imparted your business to him, and received a more satisfactory account. However, said he, go to him again from me, take him to the Tavern, and mollify his asperity with a bottle; thwart not his discourse, but give him his own way; and I'll warrant you, he'll open his budget, and satisfy your expectation.

I followed my friend's directions, and found the event answerable to his prediction.

Not long after, I met him in Fleet Street, and carried him to the Old Devil; and ere we had emptied one bottle, I found him of a quite different humour from what I left him in the time before: he appeared in his discourse to be a very honest true Englishman, a hearty lover of his country, and the government thereof, both in church and state, a loyal subject to his sovereign, an enemy to popery and tyranny, idolatry and superstition, antimonarchical government and confusion, irreligion and enthusiasm. In short, I found him a person of a competent knowledge in the affair I went to him about, and one who understood the English Stage very well; and tho' somewhat positive, as I said before, yet I observed he always took care to have truth on his side, before he affirmed or denied anything with more than ordinary heat; and when he was so guarded, he was immovable.

When I had discovered thus much, and called for the second bottle, I told him from whom I came, and the cause of my addressing to him. He desired my patience till he stept to his lodgings, which were near the tavern; and after a short space he returned, and brought with him the papers, which contain the following notes.

When he had read them to me, I liked them so well, that I desired the printing of them, provided they were genuine. He assured me they were, and told me farther:

That while this farce was composing and altering, he had frequent occasions of being with the author, of perusing his papers, and hearing him discourse of the several plays he exposed, and their authors; insomuch that few persons had the like opportunities of knowing his true meaning, as he himself had.

If any other persons had known the author's mind so exactly, in all the several particulars, 'tis more than probable they would have been made publick before now; but nothing of this nature having appeared these TWO AND THIRTY YEARS; (for so long has this farce flourished in print) we may reasonably and safely conclude, that there is no other such like copy in being; and that these remarks are genuine, and taken from the great Person's own mouth and papers.

I was very well satisfied with this account, and more desirous to print it than ever; only I told him, I thought it would be very advantageous to the sale of these Annotations, to have a Preface to them, under the Name of him, who was so well acquainted with the Author; but could not, by all the arguments I was master of, obtain his Consent, tho' we debated the point a pretty while.

He alledg'd for his excuse, that such an undertaking would be very improper for him, because he should be forced to name several persons, and some of great families, to whom he had been obliged; and he was very unwilling to offend any person of quality, or run the hazard of making such who are, or may be his friends, become his enemies; tho' he should only act the part of an historian, barely reciting the words he heard from our Author.

However, said he, if you think a preface of such absolute necessity, you may easily recollect matter enough from the discourse which hath passed between us, on this subject, to enable yourself, or any other for you, to write one; especially if you consider there are but two topicks to be insisted on.

Continued at page 36.

BAYES. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently turn o'er this Book, and there I have, at one view, all that *Perseus, Montaigne, Seneca's Tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's lives,* and the rest, have ever thought, upon this subject: and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

JOHNS. Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, this is as sure, and commendous a way of Wit as ever I heard of.

BAYES. I, Sirs, when you come to write your selves, o' my word you'll find it so. But, Gentlemen, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my Rules, do but come to the Play-house, and you shall judge of 'em by the effects.

SMI. We'll follow you, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter three Players upon the Stage.

1 *Play.* Have you your part perfect?

2 *Play.* Yes, I have it without book; but I do not understand how it is to be spoken.

3 *Play.* And mine is such a one, as I can't guess for my life what humour I'm to be in: whether angry, melancholy, merry, or in love. I don't know what to make on't.

1 [*Play.*] Phoo! the Author will be here presently, and he'll tell us all. You must know, this is the new way of writing; and these hard things please forty times better than the old plain way. For, look you, Sir, the grand design upon the Stage is to keep the Auditors in suspense; for to guess presently at the plot, and the sense, tires 'em before the end of the first Act: now, here, every line surprises you, and brings in new matter. And, then, for Scenes, Cloaths and Dancing, we put 'em quite down, all that ever went before us: and these are the things, you know, that are essential to a Play.

2 *Play.* Well, I am not of thy mind; but, so it gets us money, 'tis no great matter.

¹ The Part of *Amaryllis* was acted by Mrs. *Ann Reeves*, who, at that Time, was kept by Mr. *Bayes*. . . . *Key* 1704.

The licentiousness of Dryden's plays admits of no palliation or defence. He wrote for a licentious stage in a profligate age, and supplied, much to his own disgrace, the kind of material the vicious taste of his audiences demanded. Nor will it serve his reputation to contrast his productions in this way with those of others. Shadwell alone transcended him in depravity. But there is some compensation for all his grossness in turning from his plays to his life, and marking the contrast. The morality of his life—the practical test of his heart and his understanding—was unimpeachable. The ingenuity of slander was exhausted in assailing his principles, and exposing his person to obloquy—but the morality of his life comes pure out of the furnace. The only hint of personal indiscretion ascribed to him is that of having eaten tarts with Mrs. *Reeve*, the actress, in the Mulberry garden, which, if true, amounts to nothing, but which, trivial as it is, must be regarded as apocryphal. To eat tarts with an actress did not necessarily involve any grave delinquency in a poet who was writing for the theatre; yet upon this slight foundation, for I have not been able to discover that it rests upon any other, a suspicion has been raised, that Mrs. *Reeve* was his mistress. By way, however, of mitigating the odium of this unwarrantable imputation, it is added, that after his marriage Dryden renounced all such associations. But his relations with Mrs. *Reeve*, if he ever had any, must have been formed after his marriage, as a reference to dates will show, so that the suppositious scandal, as it has been transmitted to us, conveys its own refutation.

R. BELL. *Life of Dryden*, i. 91. Ed. 1854.

² Two Kings of *Brentford*, supposed to be the two Brothers, the King and the Duke. [See note at p. 90.] . . . *Key* 1704.

Enter BAYES, JOHNSON *and* SMITH.

BAYES. Come, come in, Gentlemen. Y'are very welcome Mr.—a——Ha' you your Part ready?

1 *Play.* Yes, Sir.

BAYES. But do you understand the true humour of it?

1 *Play.* I, Sir, pretty well.

BAYES. And *Amarillis*, how does she do? Does not her Armor become her?

3 *Play.* O, admirably!

BAYES. I'll tell you, now, a pretty conceipt. What do you think I'll make 'em call her anon, in this Play?

SMI. What, I pray?

BAYES. Why I'll make 'em call her *Armarillis*, because of her Armor: ha, ha, ha.

JOHNS. That will be very well, indeed.

BAYES, I, it's a pretty little rogue; she is my Mistress.¹ I knew her face would set off Armor extremely: and, to tell you true, I writ that Part only for her. Well, Gentlemen, I dare be bold to say, without vanity, I'll shew you something, here, that's very ridiculous, I gad.

[*Exeunt Players*]

JOHNS. Sir, that we do not doubt of.

BAYES. Pray, Sir, let's sit down. Look you, Sir, the chief hinge of this Play, upon which the whole Plot moves and turns, and that causes the variety of all the several accidents, which, you know, are the thing in Nature that make up the grand refinement of a Play, is, that I suppose two Kings² to be of the same place: as, for example, at *Brentford*; for I love to write familiarly. Now the people having the same relations to 'em both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that; are divided among themselves in point of devoir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between 'em: these Kings differing sometimes in particular; though, in the main, they agree. (I know not whether I make my self well understood.)

Continued from page 32.

1. To give the reader an account of the writer of this farce.
2. The motives which induced him to compose it.

I can stay no longer now, said he; but if you desire any further direction in this matter, meet me here to-morrow night, and I will discourse more particularly on those two heads, and then take my leave of you; wishing you good success with your preface, and that your KEY may prove a GOLDEN ONE.

Now, kind reader, having received all the instructions I could gain from my resolute spark at our several meetings, I must stand on my own legs, and turn *Prefacer*, tho' against my will. And thus I set out,

1. To tell thee what all persons, who are anything acquainted with the stage, know already: *viz.* That this farce was wrote by the most noble GEORGE VILLIERS, late Duke of BUCKINGHAM, &c. a person of a great deal of natural wit and ingenuity, and of excellent judgement, particularly in matters of this nature; his forward genius was improved by a liberal education, and the conversation of the greatest persons in his time; and all these cultivated and improved by study and travel.

By the former, he became well acquainted with the writings of the most celebrated Poets of the late age; *viz.* Shakespear, Beaumont, and Johnson, (the last of whom he knew personally, being thirteen years old when he died)* as also with the famous company of actors at Black-Fryars, whom he always admired.

He was likewise very intimate with the poets of his time: as Sir John Denham, Sir John Suckling, the Lord Falkland, Mr. Sidney Godolphin, (a near relation to the Lord High Treasurer of England that now is, the glory of that ancient family) Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley; on the last of whom he bestowed a genteel Annuity during his life, and a noble monument in Westminster-Abbey after his decease.

By travel he had the opportunity of observing the decorum of foreign theatres; especially the French, under the regulation of Monsieur Corneille, before it was so far Italianated, and over-run with opera and farce, as now it is; and before the venom thereof had crossed the narrow seas, and poisoned the English stage; We being naturally prone to imitate the French in their fashions, manners, and customs, let them be never so vicious, fantastick, or ridiculous.

By what has been said on this head, I hope thou art fully satisfied who was the author of this piece, which the learned and judicious Dr. Burnet (Now Bishop of Sarum) calls 'a correction,' and 'an unmerciful exposing;' and I believe thou hast as little cause to doubt of his being able to perform it.

Had this great person been endued with constancy and steadiness of mind, equal to his other abilities both natural and acquired, he had been the most complete gentleman in his time.

I shall proceed to shew,

2. The motives which induced him to undertake it.

The civil war silenced the stage for almost twenty years, tho' not near so lewd then, as it is since grown; and it had been happy for England, if this had been the worst effect of that war. The many changes of government, that succeeded the dissolution of the ancient constitution, made the people very uneasy, and unanimously desirous of its restitution; which was effected by a free Parliament, in the year 1660.

This sudden revolution, which is best known by the name of THE RESTORATION, brought with it many ill customs, from the several countries, to which the King and the cavaliers were retired, during their exile, which proved very pernicious to our English constitution, by corrupting our morals; and to which the reviving the stage, and bringing women on't, and encouraging and applauding the many lewd, senseless, and unnatural plays, that ensued upon this great change, did very much contribute.

* This is a mistake. The Duke of Buckingham was born Jan. 30, 1627. Gen. Johnson died Aug. 6, 1637. Bp. Percy.

Continued at page 46.

JOHNS. I did not observe you, Sir: pray say that again.

BAYES. Why, look you, Sir, (nay, I beseech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this, or else you'll never understand my notion of the thing) the people being embarrassed by their equal ties to both, and the Sovereigns concern'd in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest, as the good of the people; may make a certain kind of a—you understand me—upon which, there does arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that—In fine, you'll apprehend it better when you see it.

[*Exit, to call the Players.*]

SMI. I find the Author will be very much oblig'd to the Players, if they can make any fence of this.

Enter BAYES.

BAYES. Now, Gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing. I have made a Prologue and an Epilogue, which may both serve for either: (do you mark?) nay, they may both serve too, I gad, for any other Play as well as this.

SMI. Very well. That's, indeed, Artificial.

BAYES. And I would fain ask your judgements, now, which of them would do best for the Prologue? For, you must know, there is, in nature, but two ways of making very good Prologues. The one is by civility, by insinuation, good language, and all that, to——a——in a manner, steal your plaudit from the courtesy of the Auditors: the other, by making use of some certain personal things, which may keep a hawk upon such censuring persons, as cannot otherways, A gad, in nature, be hindered from being too free with their tongues. To which end, my first Prologue is, that I come out in a long black Veil, and a great huge Hang-man behind me, with a Furr'd-cap, and his Sword drawn; and there tell 'em plainly, That if, out of good nature, they will not like my Play, why I gad,

¹ There were printed Papers given the Audience before the Acting of the *Indian Emperor*, telling them, that it was the sequel of the *Indian Queen*, Part of which Play was written by Mr. Bayes, &c. Key 1704.

The text of these papers is prefixed to the Play It runs thus.

Connexion of the *Indian Emperour*, to the *Indian Queen*.

THE Conclusion of the *Indian Queen*, (part of which Poem was writ by me) left little matter for another Story to be built on, there remaining but two of the considerable Characters alive, (*viz.*) *Montezuma* and *Orazia*; thereupon the Author of this, thought it necessary to produce new persons from the old ones; and considering the late *Indian Queen*, before she lov'd *Montezuma*, liv'd in clandestine Marriage with her General *Traxalla*; from those two, he has rais'd a Son and two Daughters, supposed to be left young Orphans at their Death: On the other side, he has given to *Montezuma* and *Orazia*, two Sons and a Daughter; all now supposed to be grown up to Mens and Womens Estate; and their Mother *Orazia* (for whom there was no further use in the story) lately dead.

So that you are to imagine about Twenty years elapsed since the Coronation of *Montezuma*; who, in the Truth of the History, was a great and glorious Prince; and in whose time happened the Discovery and Invasion of *Mexico* by the *Spaniards*; under the conduct of *Hernando Cortez*, who, joyning with the *Taxallan-Indians*, the invetrate Enemies of *Montezuma*, wholly Subverted that flourishing Empire; the Conquest of which, is the Subject of this *Dramatique Poem*.

I have neither wholly followed the story nor varied from it; and, as near as I could, have traced the Native simplicity and ignorance of the *Indians*, in relation to *European* Customes: The Shipping, Armour, Horses, Swords, and Guns of the *Spaniards*, being as new to them as their Habits, and their Language.

The difference of their Religion from ours, I have taken from the Story it self; and that which you find of it in the first and fifth Acts, touching the sufferings and constancy of *Montezuma* in his Opinions, I have only illustrated, not alter'd from those who have written of it.

² “Persons, egad, I vow to gad, and all that”

is the constant style of *Failer*, in the *Wild Gallant*; for which take this short speech, instead of many. Key 1704.

Failer. Really Madam, I look upon you as a person of such worth and all that, that I Vow to gad I honour you of all persons in the World; and though I am a person that am inconsiderable in the World, and all that Madam, yet for a person of your worth and excellency, I would——

I'l e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my head off. Whereupon they all clapping——a——

SMI. But, suppose they do not.

BAYES. Suppose! Sir, you may suppose what you please, I have nothing to do with your suppose, Sir, nor am not at all mortifi'd at it; not at all, Sir; I gad, not one jot. Suppose quoth a!—— [*Walks away.*]

JOHNS. Phoo! pr'ythee, *Bayes*, don't mind what he says: he's a fellow newly come out of the Country, he knows nothing of what's the relish, here, of the Town.

BAYES. If I writ, Sir, to please the Country, I should have follow'd the old plain way; but I write for some persons of Quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that understand what Flame and Power in writing is: and they do me the right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

JOHNS. I, I, they will clap, I warrant you; never fear it.

BAYES. I'm sure the design's good; that cannot be deny'd. And then, for language, I gad, I defie 'em all, in nature, to mend it. Besides, Sir, I have printed above a hundred sheets of papyr, to insinuate the Plot into the Boxes:¹ and withal, have appointed two or three dozen of my friends, to be readie in the Pit, who, I'm sure, will clap, and so the rest, you know, must follow; and then pray, Sir, what becomes of your suppose? ha, ha, ha.

JOHNS. Nay, if the business be so well laid, it cannot mis.

BAYES. I think so, Sir: and therefore would chuse this for the Prologue. For if I could engage 'em to clap, before they see the Play, you know 'twould be so much the better; because then they were engag'd: for, let a man write never so well, there are, now-a-days, a sort of persons,² they call Critiques, that, I gad, have no more wit in 'em than so many Hobby-horses; but they'l laugh you, Sir, and find fault, and censure things that, A gad, I'm sure they are not able to do themselves. A sort of envious persons, that emulate the glories of persons of parts, and think to build their

¹ (a) He contracted with the King's Company of Actors, in the Year 1668, for a whole Share, to write them four Plays a Year. Key 1704.

(b) E. Malone, *Life of Dryden*, p. 72-74, Ed. 1800, adduces evidence to show that the number of plays was three a year, for which Dryden received $1\frac{1}{4}$ share in the King's Company, equal to about £300 or £400 a year.

fame, by calumniating of persons that, I gad, to my knowledge, of all persons in the world are, in nature, the persons that do as much despise all that, as——
a——In fine, I'll say no more of 'em.

JOHNS. I, I, you have said enough of 'em in conscience: I'm sure more than they'll ever be able to answer.

BAYES. Why, I'll tell you, Sir, sincerely, and *bona fide*; were it not for the sake of some ingenious persons, and choice female spirits, that have a value for me, I would see 'em all hang'd before I would e'er more set pen to papyr; but let 'em live in ignorance like ingrates.

JOHNS. I marry! that were a way to be reveng'd of 'em indeed: and, if I were in your place, now, I would do it.

BAYES. No, Sir; there are certain eyes upon me,¹ that I cannot be disingag'd from; otherwise, I would. But pray, Sir, how do you like my hang-man?

SMI. By my troth, Sir, I should like him very well.

BAYES. I, but how do you like it? (for I see you can judge) Would you have it for the Prologue, or the Epilogue?

JOHNS. Faith, Sir, it's so good, let it e'en serve for both.

BAYES. No, no; that won't do. Besides, I have made another.

JOHNS. What other, Sir?

BAYES. Why, Sir, my other is *Thunder and Lightning*.

JOHNS. That's greater: I'd rather stick to that.

BAYES. Do you think so? I'll tell you then; though there have been many wittie Prologues written of late, yet I think you'll say this is a *non pareillo*: I'm sure no body has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my Prologue to be Dialogue: and as, in my first, you see I strive to oblige the Auditors by civility, by good nature, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, *in*

'*Almah*. So, two kind Turtles, when a storm is nigh
 Look up, and see it gath'ring in the Skie.
 Each calls his Mate to shelter in the Groves,
 Leaving, in murmures, their unfinish'd Loves.
 Perch'd on some dropping Branch they sit alone,
 And Cooe, and hearken to each others moan.

J. DRYDEN. *The Conquest of Granada*. Part II., Act i. Sc.
 ii., p. 82. Ed. 1672.

'Song in Dialogue.

Evening. *I am an Evening dark as Night,
 Jack-with-the-Lantern bring a Light.*

Jack. *Whither, whither, whither?* [Within.

Evening. *Hither, hither, hither.*

Jack. *Thou art some prattling Eccho, of my making.*

Evening. *Thou art a Foolish Fire, by thy mistaking
 I am the Evening that creates thee.*

Enter *Jack* in a black Suit border'd with *Glow-worms*, a
 Coronet of Shaded Beams on his head, over it a
 Paper Lantern with a Candle in't.

Terrorem, I chufe for the persons *Thunder* and *Lightning*. Do you apprehend the conceipt?

JOHNS. Phoo, pox! then you have it cock-fure. They'l be hang'd, before they'l dare affront an Author, that has 'em at that lock.

BAYES. I have made, too, one of the moſt delicate, daintie *Simile's* in the whole world, I gad, if I knew but how to applie it.

SMI. Let's hear it, I pray you.

BAYES. 'Tis an alluſion to love.

¹ So Boar and Sow, when any ſtorm is nigh,
Snuff up, and ſmell it gath'ring in the Skie :
Boar beckons Sow to trot in Chefnunt Groves,
And there confummate their unfiniſh'd Loves.
Penſive in mud they wallow all alone,
And ſnort, and gruntle to each others moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

JOHNS. Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine : and very applicable to *Thunder* and *Lightning*, methinks, becauſe it ſpeaks of a Storm.

BAYES. I gad, and ſo it does, now I think on't. Mr. *Fohnſon*, I thank you : and I'l put it in *proſecto*. Come out, *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

² *Enter Thunder and Lightning.*

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*.

BAYES. Mr. *Cartwright*, pr'ythee ſpeak a little louder, and with a hoarſer voice. I am the bold *Thunder*? Pſhaw! ſpeak it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed : I am the bold *Thunder*.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*.

Light. The brisk *Lightning*, I.

BAYES. Nay you muſt be quick and nimble. The brisk *Lightning*, I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I am the braveſt *Hector* of the Skie.

Light. And I, fair *Helen*, that made *Hector* die.

Jack. *My Lantern and my Candle waits thee.*
 Evening. *Those Flajolets that we heard play,
 Are Reapers who have lost their way;
 They Play, they Sing, they Dance a-Round,
 Lead them up, here's Faery-ground.*

Chorus.

*Let the Men ware the Ditches ;
 Maids, look to your Breeches,
 we'l scratch them with Briars and Thistles :
 when the Flajolets cry,
 we are a-dry ;
 Pond-water shall wet their whiffles.*

[*Exeunt Evening, Winds, & Jack*

SIR R. STAPYLTON. *The Slighted Maid.* Act iii., pp. 48, 49.
 Ed. 1663.

¹ *Abraham Ivory* had formerly been a considerable Actor of Womens Parts; but afterwards stupify'd himself so far, with drinking strong Waters, that, before the first Acting of this *Farce*, he was fit for nothing, but to go of Errands; for which, and meer Charity, the Company allow'd him a Weekly Sallary. *Key 1704.*

Thun. I strike men down.

Light. I fire the Town.

Thun. Let the Critiques take heed how they grumble,
For then begin I for to rumble.

Light. Let the Ladies allow us their graces,
Or I'll blast all the paint on their faces,
And dry up their Peter to foot.

Thun. Let the Critiques look to't.

Light. Let the Ladies look to't.

Thun. For *Thunder* will do't.

Light. For *Lightning* will shoot.

Thun. I'll give you dash for dash.

Light. I'll give you flash for flash.
Gallants, I'll finge your Feather.

Thun. I'll *Thunder* you together.

Both. Look to't, look to't; we'll do't, we'll do't: look
to't, we'll do't. [*Twice or thrice repeated.*

[*Exeunt ambo.*

BAYES. That's all. 'Tis but a flash of a Prologue:
a Droll.

SMI. 'Tis short, indeed; but very terrible.

BAYES. Ay, when the *smile* is in, it will do to a
Miracle, I gad. Come, come; begin the Play.

Enter first Player.

1 Play. Sir, Mr. *Ivory* is not come yet; but he'll be
here presently, he's but two doors off.

BAYES. Come then, Gentlemen, let's go out and
take a pipe of Tobacco. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus primi.

¹ (a) *Drake Sen.* Draw up our Men; and in low Whispers give our Orders out.

[SIR W. D'AVENANT.] *Play-House to be Lett*, p. 100.

(b) See the *Amorous Prince*, pag. 20, 22, 39, 60, where you will find all the chief Commands, and Directions, are given in Whispers. *Key* 1704.

As I have been unable to see a Copy of the first of these Plays, I insert GERARD LANGBAINE'S description of it.

Play-House to be Let. I know not under what Species to place this Play, it consisting of several Pieces of different Kinds handsomely tackt together, several of which the Author writ in the times of *Oliver*, and were acted separately by stealth; as the History of Sr *Francis Drake* exprest by Instrumental, and Vocal Musick, and by Art of Perspective in Scenes, &c. The Cruelty of the Spaniards in *Peru*. These two Pieces were first printed in quarto. They make the third and fourth Acts of this Play. The second Act consists of a French Farce, translated from *Molier's Sganarelle, on Le Cocu Imaginaire*, and purposely by our Author put into a sort of *Jargon* common to French-men newly come over. The fifth Act consists of *Tragedie travestie*, or the Actions of *Cæsar Antony* and *Cleopatra* in Verse Burslesque. This Farce I have seen acted at the Theatre in *Dorset-garden* some Years ago, at the end of that excellent Tragedy of *Pompey*, translated by the incomparable Pen of the much admired *Orinda*. pp. 109—110. Ed. 1691.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. KEYS TO 'THE REHEARSAL'

Continued from page 36.

Then appear'd such plays as these; THE SIEGE OF RHODES, Part I. acted at the *Cock-pit*, before the Restoration; THE PLAY-HOUSE TO BE LETT; THE SLIGHTED MAID; THE UNITED KINGDOMS; THE WILD GALLANT; THE ENGLISH MONSIEUR; THE VILLAIN; and the like.

You will meet with several passages out of all these, except the UNITED KINGDOMS, (which was never printed) in the following notes; as you will out of several other plays, which are here omitted.

Our most noble author, to manifest his just indignation and hatred of this fulsome new way of writing, used his utmost interest and endeavours to stifle it at its first appearing on the stage, by engaging all his friends to explode, and run down these plays, especially the *United Kingdoms*; which had like to have brought his life into danger.

The author of it being nobly born, of an ancient and numerous family, had many of his relations and friends in the *Cock-pit*, during the acting it; some of them perceiving his Grace to head a party, who were very active in damning the play, by hissing and laughing immoderately at the strange conduct thereof, there were persons laid in wait for him as he came out: but there being a great tumult and uproar in the house and the passages near it, he escaped; But he was threaten'd hard: however the business was composed in a short time, tho' by what means I have not been informed.

Concluded at page 48.

ACTUS II. SCÆNA I.

BAYES, JOHNSON *and* SMITH.

BAYES.



Ow, Sir, because I'l do nothing here that ever was done before——

[Spits.

SMI. A very notable design, for a Play, indeed.

BAYES. Instead of beginning with a Scene that discovers something of the Plot, I begin this with a whisper.¹

SMI. That's very new.

BAYES. Come, take your feats. Begin Sirs.

Enter Gentlemen-Usher and Physician.

Phys. Sir, by your habit, I should ghes you to be the Gentleman-Usher of this sumptuous place.

Ush. And, by your gait and fashion, I should almost suspect you rule the healths of both our noble Kings, under the notion of Physician.

Phys. You hit my Function right.

Ush. And you, mine.

Phys. Then let's imbrace.

Ush. Come then.

Phys. Come.

JOHNS. Pray, Sir, who are those two so very civil persons?

BAYES. Why, Sir, the Gentleman-Usher, and Physicians of the two Kings of *Brentford*.

JOHNS. But how comes it to pass, then, that they know one another no better?

BAYES. Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the Intrigue.

JOHNS. Very well

Concluded from page 46.

After this, our author endeavoured by writing to expose the follies of these new-fashioned plays in their proper colours, and to set them in so clear a light, that the people might be able to discover what trash it was, of which they were so fond, as he plainly hints in the prologue; and so set himself to the composing of this farce.

When his Grace began it, I could never learn, nor is it very material.

Thus much we may certainly gather from the editions of the plays reflected on in it, that it was before the end of 1663, and finished before the end of 1664; because it had been several times rehears'd, the players were perfect in their parts, and all things in readiness for its acting, before the great plague 1665; and that then prevented it.

But what was so ready for the stage, and so near being acted at the breaking out of that terrible sickness, was very different from what you have since seen in print. In that he called his poet *BILBOA*; by which name, the town generally understood *SIR ROBERT HOWARD* to be the Person pointed at.* Besides, there were very few of this new sort of plays then extant, except these before mentioned, at that time; and more, than were in being, could not be ridiculed.

The acting of this farce being thus hindered, it was laid by for several years, and came not on the public theatre, till the year 1671.

During this interval, many great Plays came forth, writ in heroick rhyme; and, on the death of *SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT*, 1669, *MR. DRYDEN*, a new laureat appeared on the stage†, much admired, and highly applauded; which moved the Duke to change the name of his poet from *BILBOA* to *BAYES*, whose works you will find often mentioned in the following KEY.

Thus far, kind reader, I have followed the direction of my new acquaintance, to the utmost extent of my memory, without transgressing the bounds he assigned me, and I am free from any fear of having displeas'd him: I wish I could justly say as much, with relation to the offences I have committed against yourself, and all judicious persons who shall peruse this poor address.

I have nothing to say in my own defence: I plead guilty, and throw myself at your feet, and beg for mercy; and not without hope, since what I have here writ did not proceed from the least malice in me, to any person or family in the world; but from an honest design to enable the meanest readers to understand all the passages of this farce, that it may sell the better. I am, with all submission, Your most obliged, humble Servant.

5. A real Key should confine itself to the identical plays and dramatists satirized, nothing more nor less. Bp. Percy searching through all the antecedent dramatic literature, may find, did find many parallel passages, but he could adduce nothing to prove these were in the minds of the authors in writing *The Rehearsal*. Indeed it is improbable that they had in view the 40 or 50 plays to which he refers. His references but illustrate the extent of the mock heroic drama.

In the Illustrations of the present work Langbaine and the first Key have been principally followed; it being noted that the Text is, as first acted on 7 Dec. 1671. Subsequent additions and their illustrations therefore, (such as ridicule Dryden's *The Assignment*, or *Love in a Nunnery*, produced in 1672) are, with two exceptions, not found in it. At the same time, the vacant spaces on the alternate pages will enable enquirers to note the results of further researches.

* Very small signs appear of this at present: But when the Duke altered the name, he might also suppress the more offensive passages. Before the *Rehearsal* was acted *Sir Robert Howard* was upon such good terms with our noble author, that he dedicated to him his *Duel of the Stags*, Lond. 1688, 8vo. Bp. Percy.

† Mr. Dryden became Poet-laureat upon the Death of *Sir William D'Avenant*; but he had appeared as a Dramatic Writer before. Bp. Percy.

Phys. Sir, to conclude,

SMI. What, before he begins?

BAYES. No, Sir; you must know they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

SMI. Where? In the Tying-room?

BAYES. Why ay, Sir. He's so dull! Come, speak again.

Phys. Sir, to conclude, the place you fill, has more than amply exacted the Talents of a wary Pilot, and all these threatening storms which, like impregnant Clouds, do hover o'er our heads, (when they once are grasp'd but by the eye of reason) melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.

BAYES. Pray mark that Allegory. Is not that good?

JOHNS. Yes; that grasping of a storm with the eye is admirable.

Phys. But yet some rumours great are stirring; and if *Lorenzo* should prove false, (as none but the great Gods can tell) you then perhaps would find, that——

[*Whispers.*

BAYES. Now they whisper.

Ush. Alone, do you say?

Phys. No; attended with the noble——

[*Whispers.*

Ush. Who, he in gray?

Phys. Yes; and at the head of——

[*Whispers.*

BAYES. Pray mark.

Ush. Then, Sir, most certain, 'twill in time appear These are the reasons that induc'd 'em to't:

First, he——

[*Whispers.*

BAYES. Now t'other whispers.

Ush. Secondly, they——

[*Whispers.*

BAYES. He's at it still.

Ush. Thirdly, and lastly, both he, and they——

[*Whispers.*

¹ Mr. *William Wintershul!* was a most Excellent, Judicious Actor; and the best Instructor of others: He dy'd in *July*, 1679. *Key* 1704.

BAYES. There they both whisper.

[*Exeunt Whispering.*

Now, Gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a Play?

JOHNS. In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two Kings of the same place?

BAYES. Why? because it's new; and that's it I aim at. I despise your *Johnson*, and *Beaumont*, that borrow'd all they writ from Nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancie, I.

SMI. But what think you of Sir *John Suckling*, Sir?

BAYES. By gad, I am a better Poet than he.

SMI. Well, Sir; but pray why all this whispering?

BAYES. Why, Sir, (besides that it is new, as I told you before) because they are suppos'd to be Politicians; and matters of State ought not to be divulg'd.

SMI. But then, Sir, why—

BAYES. Sir, if you'll but respite your curiosity till the end of the fifth Act, you'll find it a piece of patience not ill recompenc'd.

[*Goes to the door.*

JOHNS. How dost thou like this, *Frank*? Is it not just as I told thee?

SMI. Why, I did never, before this, see any thing in Nature, and all that, (as Mr. *Bayes* says) so foolish, but I could give some ghes at what mov'd the Fop to do it; but this, I confes, does go beyond my reach.

JOHNS. Why, 'tis all alike: Mr. *Winterstull*¹ has inform'd me of this Play before. And I'll tell thee, *Frank*, thou shalt not see one Scene here, that either properly ought to come in, or is like any thing thou canst imagine has ever been the practice of the World. And then, when he comes to what he calls good language, it is, as I told thee, very fantastical, most abominably dull, and not one word to the purpose.

SMI. It does surprise me, I am sure, very much.

JOHNS. I, but it won't do so long: by that time thou hast seen a Play or two, that I'll shew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of Foppery.

SCÆNA II.

Enter the two Kings, hand in hand.

BAYES.



Hese are the two Kings of *Brentford*; take notice of their stile: 'twas never yet upon the Stage; but, if you like it, I could make a shift, perhaps, to shew you a whole Play, written all just so.

1 *King*. Did you observe their whisper, brother King?

2 *King*. I did; and heard besides a grave Bird sing That they intend, sweet-heart, to play us pranks.

BAYES. This, now, is familiar, because they are both persons of the same Qualitie.

SMI. 'Sdeath, this would make a man spew.

1 *King*. If that design appears,
I'll lug 'em by the ears
Until I make 'em crack.

2 *King*. And so will I, i'fack.

1 *King*. You must begin, *Mon foy*.

2 *King*. Sweet Sir, *Pardonnez moy*.

BAYES. Mark that: I Makes 'em both speak *French*, to shew their breeding.

JOHNS. O, 'tis extraordinary fine.

2 *King*. Then, spite of Fate, we'll thus combined stand;
And, like true brothers, walk still hand in hand.
[*Exeunt Reges.*]

JOHNS. This is a very Majestick Scene indeed.

BAYES. Ay, 'tis a crust, a lasting crust for your Rogue Critiques, I gad: I would fain see the proudest of 'em all but dare to nibble at this; I gad, if they do, this shall rub their gums for 'em, I promise you. It was I, you must know, writ the Play I told you of, in this very Stile: and shall I tell you a very good jest? I gad, the Players would not act it: ha, ha, ha.

¹ The *Key* 1704 refers Prince Pretty-man's falling asleep in making love, to the play entitled *The Lost Lady* [by Sir W. BERKELEY] London. fol. 1639. In the fifth edition of *The Rehearsal*, however there is the following addition to the text here.

So; now Prince *Prettyman* comes in, falls asleep, making Love to his Mistress, which you know, was a grand Intrigue in a late Play, written by a very honest Gentleman: a Knight.

Bp Percy states that this addition alludes to *Querer pro solo querer* (To Love only for Love Sake): a Dramatick romance, written in Spanish by DON ANTONIO HURTADO DE MENDOZA in 1623, and paraphrased in English, in 1654, by Sir R. FANSHAWE, 'during his Confinement to *Tankersly Park* in *York-shire*, by *Oliver*, after the Battail of *Worcester*, in which he was taken Prisoner, serving His Majesty (whom God preserve) as *Secretary of State*.' Printed London 1671. 4to.

Bp. Percy thinks the passage had in view is this, in Act i. p. 20.

Felisbravo, the young King of Persia, travelling in search of Zelidaura, Queen of Tartaria (whom, it seems, he had never seen) retires into a wood to shun the noon-tide heat, and taking out his mistress's picture, thus rants.

Fel. If *sleep* invade me strongly, That may sever
My *life* some minutes from me, my *love* never.
But 'tis *impossible* to *sleep* (we know)
Extended on the Rack: If that be so,

Takes out the Picture.

Dumb Larum, come thou forth: *Eloquent Mute*,
For whom high Heav'n and Earth commence a Suit:
Of Angel-woman, fair *Hermaphrodite*!
The Moon's *extinguisher*! the *Moon-days* night!
How could so small a *Spear* hold so much day?
O *sleep*! now, now, thou conquer'st me—But stay:
That *part* thou conquer'st, I'll not own for *mine*.
Tempest I seek, not calm: If the days thine,
Thou quell'st my body, my Love still is whole:
I give thee all of that which is not Soul.
And, since in *Lodgings* from the Street Love lies,
Do *thou* (and spare not) quarter in my Eyes
A while; I harb'ring so unwelcome Guest
(As Men obey thy Brother *Death's* arrest)
Not as a *Lover*, but a MORTAL—

He falls asleep with the Picture in his hand.

Rif. He's fallen a sleep; so soon? What frailty is?
More like a *Husband*, then a *Lover*, this.
If *Lovers* take such sleeps, what shall I take,
Whom *pangs* of *Love*, nor Honour's *Trumpets*, 'wake?
Rifaloro falls asleep.

SMI. That's impossible.

BAYES. I gad, they would not, Sir : ha, ha, ha
They refus'd it, I gad, the silly Rogues : ha, ha, ha.

JOHNS. Fie, that was rude.

BAYES. Rude ! I gad, they are the rudest, uncivil-
est persons, and all that, in the whole world : I gad,
there's no living with 'em. I have written, Mr. *Fohn-*
son, I do verily believe, a whole cart-load of things,
every whit as good as this, and yet, I vow to gad,
these insolent Raskals have turn'd 'em all back upon
my hands again.

JOHNS. Strange fellows indeed.

SMI. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, how came these two
Kings to know of this whisper ? for, as I remember,
they were not present at it.

BAYES. No, but that's the Actors fault, and not mine ;
for the Kings should (a pox take 'em) have pop'd both
their heads in at the door, just as the other went off.

SMI. That, indeed, would ha' done it.

BAYES. Done it ! Ay, I gad, these fellows are able
to spoil the best things in Christendom. I'll tell you,
Mr. *Fohnson*, I vow to gad, I have been so highly dis-
oblig'd, by the peremptoriness of these fellows, that I
am resolv'd, hereafter, to bend all my thoughts for the
service of the *Nursery*, and mump your proud Players,
I gad.

SCÆNA III.

Enter Prince Pretty-man.

Pret.



How strange a captive am I grown
of late !

Shall I accuse my Love, or blame
my Fate ?

My Love, I cannot ; that is too
Divine :

And against Fate what mortal dares repine ?

Enter Cloris.

But here she comes.

Sure 'tis some blazing Comet, is it not ? [*Lyes down.*

¹ See note on p. 54

² This rule is most exactly observed in Dryden's *Indian Emperor*, Act iv. Scene iv. Upon a sudden and unexpected misfortune, Almeria thus expresses her surprise and concern.

Alm. All hopes of safety and of love are gone:
As when some dreadful Thunder-clap is nigh,
The winged Fire shoots swiftly through the Skie,
Strikes and Consumes e're scarce it does appear,
And by the sudden ill, prevents the fear:
Such is my state in this amazing wo;
It leaves no pow'r to think, much less to do:

J. DRYDEN. *The Indian Emperour*, p. 50. Ed. 1667.
Bp. Percy.

³ *Boabdel* to *Almahide*.

As some fair tulip, by a storm oppress'd,
Shrinks up, and folds its silken arms to rest;
And, bending to the blast, all pale and dead,
Hears from within, the wind sing round its head:
So, shrowded up your beauty disappears;
Unvail my Love; and lay aside your fears.

JOHN DRYDEN. *The Conquest of Granada*, Part I. Act v. p. 61.
Ed. 1672.

BAYES. Blazing Comet ! mark that. I gad, very fine.

Pret. But I am so surpris'd with sleep, I cannot speak the rest.¹ [*sleeps.*]

BAYES. Does not that, now, surprife you, to fall asleep juft in the nick ? His fpirits exhale with the heat of his paffion, and all that, and fwop falls afleep, as you fee. Now, here, ſhe muft make a *ſimile*.

SMI. Where's the neceffity of that, Mr. *Bayes* ?

BAYES. Becauſe ſhe's surpris'd.² That's a general Rule : you muft ever make a *ſimile* when you are surpris'd ; 'tis the new way of writing.

³*Cloris.* As ſome tall Pine, which we, on *Ætna*, find
T'have flood the rage of many a boyſ'trous wind,
Feeling without, that flames within do play,
Which would confume his Root and Sap away ;
He ſpreads his worſted Arms unto the Skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies :
So, ſhrowded up, your bright eye difappears.
Break forth, bright ſcorching Sun, and dry my tears.

[*Exit.*]

BAYES. I am afraid, Gentlemen, this Scene has made you ſad ; for I muſt confeſs, when I writ it, I wept my ſelf.

SMI. No, truly, Sir, my ſpirits are almoſt exhal'd too, and I am likelier to fall afleep.

Prince Pretty-man ſtarts up, and ſays---

Pret. It is reſolv'd.

[*Exit.*]

SMI. Mr. *Bayes*, may one be ſo bold as to ask you a queſtion, now, and you not be angry ?

BAYES. O Lord, Sir, you may ask me what you pleaſe. I vow to gad, you do me a great deal of honour : you do not know me, if you ſay that, Sir.

SMI. Then, pray, Sir, what is it that this Prince here has reſolv'd in his ſleep ?

BAYES. Why, I muſt confeſs, that queſtion is well enough ask'd, for one that is not acquainted with this

new way of writing. But you must know, Sir, that, to out-do all my fellow-Writers, whereas they keep their *Intrigo* secret till the very last Scene before the Dance ; I now, Sir, do you mark me——a——

SMI. Begin the Play, and end it, without ever opening the Plot at all ?

BAYES. I do so, that's the very plain troth on't : ha, ha, ha ; I do, I gad. If they cannot find it out themselves, e'en let 'em alone for *Bayes*, I warrant you. But here, now, is a Scene of business : pray observe it ; for I dare say you'll think it no unwise discourse this, nor ill argu'd. To tell you true, 'tis a Debate I over-heard once betwixt two grand, sober, governing persons.

SCÆNA IV.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Ush.



ome, Sir ; let's state the matter of fact, and lay our heads together.

Phys. Right : lay our heads together. I love to be merry sometimes ; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my head close to it, with a pipe of Tobacco in my mouth, and then I whew it away, i'faith.

BAYES. I do just so, I gad, always.

Ush. The grand question is, whether they heard us whisper ? which I divide thus : into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no.

JOHNS. Most admirably divided, I swear.

Ush. As to the when ; you say just now : so that is answer'd. Then, for what ; why, what answers it self : for what could they hear, but what we talk'd of ? So that, naturally, and of necessity, we come to the last question, *Videlicet*, whether they heard or no ?

SMI. This is a very wise Scene, Mr. *Bayes*.

¹ Such easy Turns of State are frequent in our Modern Plays; where we see Princes Dethron'd and Governments Chang'd, by very feeble Means, and on slight Occasions: Particularly, in *Marriage-a-la-Mode*; a Play, writ since the first Publication of this Farce. Where (to pass by the Dulness of the State-part, the Obscurity of the Comic, the near Resemblance *Leonidas* bears to our Prince *Pretty-Man*, being sometimes a King's Son, sometimes a Shepherd's; and not to question how *Amalthea* comes to be a Princess, her Brother, the King's great Favourite, being but a Lord) 'tis worth our While to observe, how easily the Fierce and Jealous Usurper is Depos'd, and the Right Heir plac'd on the Throne; as it is thus related by the said Imaginary Princess.

Enter Amalthea, running.

Amal. Oh, Gentlemen, if you have Loyalty,
Or Courage, shew it now: *Leonidas*
Broke on the sudden from his Guards, and snatching
A Sword from one, his back against the Scaffold,
Bravely defends himself; and owns aloud
He is our long lost King, found for this moment
But, if your Valours help not, lost for ever.
Two of his Guards, mov'd by the sense of Virtue,
Are turn'd for him, and there they stand at Bay
Against a Host of Foes——

[J. DRYDEN.] *Marriage-a-la-Mode*. Act v. Sc. i. p. 61. Ed. 1691.

This shows Mr. *Bayes* to be a Man of Constancy, and firm to his Resolution, and not to be laugh'd out of his own Method: Agreeable to what he says in the next Act. * 'As long as I know my Things are Good, what care I what they say?' . . . *Key* 1704.

* p. 71.

² (a) *Ormasdes*. I know not what to say, nor what to think!

I know not when I sleep, or when I wake.

Sir W. KILLIGREW. *Ormasdes, or Love and Friendship*.
Act v. p. 77. [Licens'd 22 Aug. 1664]. Ed. 1665.

(b) *Pandora*. My doubts and fears, my reason does dismay,

I know not what to do nor what to say;

Sir W. KILLIGREW. *Pandora, or The Converts*.
Act v. p. 92. Ed. 1665.

BAYES. Yes ; you have it right : they are both Politicians. I writ this Scene for a pattern, to shew the world how men should talk of business.

JOHNS. You have done it exceedingly well, indeed.

BAYES. Yes, I think this will do. *

Phys. Well, if they heard us whisper, they'l turn us out, and no bodie else will take us.

Ush. No bodie else will take us.

SMI. Not for Politicians, I dare answer for it.

Phys. Let's then no more our selves in vain bemoan :
We are not safe until we them unthroned.

Ush. 'Tis right :

And, since occasion now seems debonaire,
I'l seize on this, and you shall take that chair.

| *They draw their Swords, and sit down in
the two great chairs upon the Stage.*

BAYES. There's now an odd surprize ; the whole State's turn'd quite topsy-turvy,¹ without any puther or stir in the whole world, I gad.

JOHNS. A very silent change of Government, truly, as ever I heard of.

BAYES. It is so. And yet you shall see me bring 'em in again, by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

[*The Usurpers march out flourishing their swords.*

Enter Shirley.

Shir. Hey ho, hey ho : what a change is here ! Hey day, hey day ! I know not what to do, nor what to say.² [*Exit.*

SMI. But pray, Sir, how came they to depose the Kings so easily ?

BAYES. Why, Sir, you must know, they long had a design to do it before ; but never could put it in practice till now : and, to tell you true, that's one reason why I made 'em whisper so at first.

SMI. O, very well : now I'm fully satisfied.

BAYES. And then, to shew you, Sir, it was not done

fo very easly neither; in this next Scene you shall see some fighting.

SMI. O, ho: so then you make the struggle to be after the business is done?

BAYES. Aye.

SMI. O, I conceive you: that is very natural.

SCÆNA V.

Enter four men at one door, and four at another, with their swords drawn.

1 Soldier.



Tand. Who goes there?

2 Sol. A friend.

1 Sol. What friend?

2 Sol. A friend to the House.

1 Sol. Fall on.

[They all kill one another.

Musick strikes.

BAYES. Hold, hold.

[To the Musick. It ceaseth.

Now here's an odd surprize: all these dead men you shall see rise up presently, at a certain Note that I have made, in *Effaut flat*, and fall a Dancing. Do you hear, dead men? remember your Note in *Effaut flat*. Play on.

[To the Musick.

Now, now, now. | *The Musick play his Note, and the dead O Lord, O Lord! | men rise; but cannot get in order.*

Out, out, out! Did ever men spoil a good thing so? no figure, no ear, no time, no thing? you dance worse than the Angels in *Harry the Eight*, or the fat Spirits in *The Tempest*, I gad.

1 Sol. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to do any thing in time, to this Tune.

BAYES. O Lord, O Lord! impossible? why, Gentlemen, if there be any faith in a person that's a Christian, I fate up two whole nights in composing this Air, and apting it for the business: for, if you observe,

there are two feveral Defigns in this Tune ; it begins fwift, and ends flow. You talk of time, and time ; you fhall fee me do't. Look you now. Here I am dead.

[*Lyes down flat on his face.*

Now mark my Note in *Effaut flat*. Strike up Mufick.

Now.

[*As he rifes up haftily, he tumbles and falls down again.*

Ah, gadfookers, I have broke my Nofe.

JOHNS. By my troth, Mr. *Bayes*, this is a very unfortunate Note of yours, in *Effaut flat*.

BAYES. A plague of this damn'd Stage, with your nails, and your tenter-hooks, that a man cannot come to teach you to Act, but he muft break his nofe, and his face, and the divel and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown papyr ?

SMI. No indeed, Sir ; I don't ufually carry any about me.

2 *Sol.* Sir, I'll go get you fome within prefently.

BAYES. Go, go then ; I'll follow you. Pray dance out the Dance, and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember you four that you dance like Horfemen.

[*Exit BAYES.*

They dance the Dance, but can make nothing of it.

1 *Sol.* A Devil ! let's try this no more : play my Dance that Mr. *Bayes* found fault with.

[*Dance, and Exeunt.*

SMI. What can this fool be doing all this while about his nofe ?

JOHNS. Pr'ythee let's go fee.

[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus fecundi.

¹ *Failer* and *Bibber* his Taylor in *The Wild Gallant*. *Key*, 1704.

ACTUS III. SCÆNA I.

BAYES *with a papyr on his Nofe, and the two Gentlemen.*

BAYES.



Ow, Sir, this I do, becaufe my fancie in this Play is to end every Act with a Dance.

SMI. Faith; that fancie is very good, but I should hardly have broke my nofe for it, though.

JOHNS. That fancie, I fuppose, is new too.

BAYES. Sir, all my fancies are fo. I tread upon no mans heels; but make my flight upon my own wings, I affure you. As, now, this next Scene fome perhaps will fay, It is not very neceffary to the Plot: I grant it; what then? I meant it fo. But then it's as full of Drollery as ever it can hold: 'tis like an Orange ftuck with Cloves, as for concept. Come, where are you? This Scene will make you die with laughing, if it be well acted: it is a Scene of sheer Wit, without any mixture in the world, I gad. [*Reads—*

Enter ¹ *Prince Pretty-man, and Tom Thimble his Taylor.*

This, Sirs, might properly enough be call'd a prize of Wit; for you fhall fee 'em come in upon one another fnip fnap, hit for hit, as faft as can be. Firft one fpeaks, then prefently t'other's upon him flap, with a Repartee; then he at him again, dafh with a new concept: and fo eternally, eternally, I gad, till they go quite off the Stage. [*Goes to call the Players.*

SMI. What a plague, does this Fop mean by his fnip fnap, hit for hit, and dafh?

JOHNS. Mean? why, he never meant any thing in's life: what doft talk of meaning for?

¹ Nay, if that be all, there's no such haft: the Courtiers are not so forward to pay their Debts.

J. DRYDEN. *The Wild Gallant*, Act i. p. 11. Ed. 1669.

* *Failer*. Then say I:
Take a little *Bibber*,
And throw him in the River,
And if he will trust never,
Then there let him lie ever.

Bibber. Then say I:
Take a little *Fauer*,
And throw him to the Jaylour;
And there let him lie
Till he has paid his Taylor.

Idem, Act ii. Sc. ii. p. 15.

Enter BAYES.

BAYES. Why don't you come in?

Enter Prince Pretty-man *and* Tom Thimble.

Pret. But pr'ythee, *Tom Thimble*, why wilt thou needs marry? If nine Taylors make but one man; and one woman cannot be fatisf'd with nine men: what work art thou cutting out here for thy self, trow we?

BAYES. Good.

Thim. Why, an't please your Highness, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I shan't want Journey-men to help me, I warrant you.

BAYES. Good again.

Pret. I am afraid thy Journey-men, though, *Tom*, won't work by the day, but by the night.

BAYES. Good still.

Thim. However, if my wife fits but cros-leg'd, as I do, there will be no great danger: not half so much as when I trusted you for your Coronation-suit.

BAYES. Very good, i'faith.

Pret. Why, the times then liv'd upon trust; it was the fashion. You would not be out of time, at such a time as that, sure: A Taylor, you know, must never be out of fashion.

BAYES. Right.

Thim. I'm sure, Sir, I made your cloath in the Court-fashion, for you never paid me yet.¹

BAYES. There's a bob for the Court.

Pret. Why, *Tom*, thou art a sharp rogue when thou art angry, I see: thou pay'ft me now, methinks.

Thim. I, Sir, in your own coyn: you give me nothing but words.²

BAYES. Admirable, before gad.

Pret. Well, *Tom*, I hope shortly I shall have another coyn for thee; for now the Wars come on, I shall grow to be a man of mettal.

¹ Ay, 'tis pretty well ; but he does not Top his Part.
A great Word with Mr. *Edward Howard*. . . . *Key 1704*

² See p. 60.

³ M. *Edward Howard's* Words. . . . *Key 1704*. See p. 28.

BAYES. O, you did not do that half enough.

JOHNS. Methinks he does it admirably.

BAYES. I, pretty well; but he does not hit me in't: he does not top his part.¹

Thim. That's the way to be stamp'd yourself, Sir. I shall see you come home, like an Angel for the Kings-evil, with a hole bor'd through you. [*Exeunt.*

BAYES. That's very good, i'faith: ha, ha, ha. Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, I gad. How do you like it now, Gentlemen? is not this pure Wit?

SMI. 'Tis snip snap, Sir, as you say; but, methinks, not pleafant, nor to the purpose, for the Play does not go on.

BAYES. Play does not go on? I don't know what you mean: why, is not this part of the Play?

SMI. Yes, but the Plot stands still.

BAYES. Plot stand still! why, what a Devil is the Plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

SMI. O, I did not know that before.

BAYES. No, I think you did not: nor many things more, that I am Master of. Now, Sir, I gad, this is the bane of all us Writers: let us soar never so little above the common pitch, I gad, all's spoil'd; for the vulgar never understand us, they can never conceive you, Sir, the excellencie of these things.

JOHNS. 'Tis a sad fate, I must confes: but you write on still?

BAYES. Write on? I gad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk shall stop me: if they catch me at that lock, I'll give 'em leave to hang me. As long as I know my things to be good, what care I what they say?² What; they are gone, and forgot the Song!

SMI. They have done very well, methinks, here's no need of one.

BAYES. Alack, Sir, you know nothing: you must ever interlard your Plays with Songs, Ghosts and Idols, if you mean to——a——

JOHNS. Pit, Box and Gallery,³ Mr. *Bayes*.

BAYES. I gad, Sir, and you have nick'd it. Hark you,

¹ *Alberto.* *Curtius*, I've something to deliver to your Ear.

Curtius. Any thing from *Alberto* is welcom.

Mrs. A. BEHN. *The Amorous Prince.* Act iii. Sc.ii. p. 39
Ed. 1671.

Mr. *Fohnson*, you know I don't flatter, a gad, you have a great deal of Wit.

JOHNS. O Lord, Sir, you do me too much honour.

BAYES. Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. *Fohnson*, Ifacks this must not be said, amongst us that have it. I know you have wit by the judgement you make of this Play; for that's the measure I go by: my Play is my Touch-stone. When a man tells me such a one is a person of parts; is he so, say I? what do I do, but bring him presently to see this Play: If he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your most humble Servant, Sir, I'll no more of him upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara voyant*, a gad. Now here we go on to our business.

SCÆNA II.

Enter the two Ufurpers, hand in hand.

Ush.



Ut what's become of *Volscius* the great?

His presence has not grac'd our Court of late.

Phys. I fear some ill, from emulation sprung,

Has from us that Illustrious *Hero* wrung.

BAYES. Is not that Majestical?

SMI. Yes, but who a Devil is that *Volscius*?

BAYES. Why, that's a Prince I make in love with *Parthenope*.

SMI. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Cordelio.

¹ *Cor.* My Leiges, news from *Volscius* the Prince.

Ush. His news is welcome, whatsoe'er it be.

SMI. How, Sir, do you mean that? whether it be good or bad?

BAYES. Nay, pray, Sir, have a little patience : God-fookers, you'l spoil all my Play. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to answer every impertinent question you ask.

SMI. Cry you mercie, Sir.

Cor. His Highness Sirs, commanded me to tell you, That the fair person whom you both do know, Despairing of forgiveness for her fault, In a deep sorrow, twice she did attempt Upon her precious life ; but, by the care Of standers-by, prevented was.

SMI. 'Sheart, what stuff's here !

Cor. At last,
Volscius the great this dire resolve embrac'd :
His servants he into the Country sent,
And he himself to *Piccadillé* went.
Where he's inform'd, by Letters, that she's dead !

Ush. Dead ! is that possible ? Dead !

Phys. O ye Gods ! [*Exeunt.*

BAYES. There's a smart expression of a passion ; O ye Gods ! That's one of my bold strokes, a gad.

SMI. Yes ; but who is the fair person that's dead ?

BAYES. That you shall know anon.

SMI. Nay, if we know it at all, 'tis well enough.

BAYES. Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all this, that she's not dead neither.

SMI. Marry, that's good news : I am glad of that with all my heart.

BAYES. Now, here's the man brought in that is suppos'd to have kill'd her. [*A great shout within.*

Enter Amarillis with a Book in her hand and Attendants.

Ama. What shout Triumphant's that ?

Enter a Souldier.

Sol. Shie maid, upon the River brink, near *Twick'nam* Town, the assassinate is tane.

Ama. Thanks to the Powers above, for this deliverance.

Decio. Now you shall tell me, who play'd at Cards
with you ?

Pyramena. None but my Lord *Iberio* and I plai'd.

Dec. Who waited ?

Py. No body.

Dec. No Page ?

Py. No Page.

Dec. No Groom ?

Py. No Groom ; I tell you no body.

Dec. What, not your Woman ?

Py. Not my Woman, lack

How your tongue runs !

Sir R. STAPYLTON. *The Slighted Maid*. Act iii. pp. 46—7.
Ed. 1663.

I hope its flow beginning will portend
A forward *Exit* to all future end.

BAYES. Pish, there you are out; to all future end?
No, no; to all future end; you must lay the accent
upon end, or else you lose the conceipt.

JOHNS. Indeed the alteration of that accent does a
great deal, Mr. *Bayes*.

BAYES. O, all in all, Sir: they are these little
things that mar, or set you off a Play.

SMI. I see you are perfect in these matters.

BAYES. I, Sir; I have been long enough at it to
know something.

Enter Souldiers dragging in an old Fisherman.

Ama. Villain, what Monster did corrupt thy mind
T'attaque the noblest soul of humane kind?

Tell me who set thee on.

Fish. Prince *Pretty-man*.

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince *Pretty-man*.

Ama. What, did Prince *Pretty-man* hire you to kill
Prince *Pretty-man*?

Fish. No; Prince *Volsci*.

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince *Volsci*.

Ama. What, did Prince *Volsci* hire you to kill
Prince *Volsci*?

Fish. No; Prince *Pretty-man*.

Ama. So, drag him hence.

Till torture of the Rack produce his fence.

[*Exeunt.*]

BAYES. Mark how I make the horror of his guilt
confound his intellects; for that's the design of this
Scene.

SMI. I see, Sir, you have a several design for every
Scene.

BAYES. I; that's my way of writing: and so I can
dispatch you, Sir, a whole Play, before another man,
I gad, can make an end of his Plot. So, now enter

Prince *Pretty-man* in a rage. Where the Devil is he? Why *Pretty-man*? why when, I say? O fie, fie, fie, fie; all's marr'd, I vow to gad, quite marr'd.

Enter Pretty-man.

Phoo, pox! you are come too late, Sir: now you may go out again, if you please. I vow to gad Mr.—a—I would not give a button for my Play, now you have done this.

Pret. What, Sir?

BAYES. What, Sir? 'Slife, Sir, you should have come out in choler, rous upon the Stage, just as the other went off. Must a man be eternally telling you of these things?

JOHNS. Sure this must be some very notable matter that he's so angry at.

SMI. I am not of your opinion.

BAYES. Pish! come, let's hear your Part, Sir.

Pret. Bring in my Father, why d'ye keep him from me?

Although a Fisherman, he is my Father,
Was ever Son, yet, brought to this distress,
To be, for being a Son, made fatherless?

Oh, you just Gods, rob me not of a Father.

The being of a Son take from me rather. [*Exit.*]

SMI. Well, *Ned*, what think you now?

JOHNS. A Devil, this is worst of all. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, what's the meaning of this Scene?

BAYES. O, cry you mercie, Sir: I purtest I had forgot to tell you. Why, Sir, you must know, that, long before the beginning of this Play, this Prince was taken by a Fisherman.

SMI. How, Sir, taken Prisoner?

BAYES. Taken Prisoner! O Lord, what a question's there! did ever any man ask such a question? Taken Prisoner! Godfookers, he has put the Plot quite out of my head, with this damn'd question. What was I going to say?

JOHNS. Nay, the Lord knows: I cannot imagine.

BAYES. Stay, let me see; taken: O 'tis true. Why, Sir, as I was going to say, his Highness here, the

Prince, was taken in a Cradle by a Fisherman, and brought up as his Child.

SMI. Indeed?

BAYES. Nay, pr'ythee hold thy peace. And so, Sir, this murder being committed by the River-side, the Fisherman, upon suspicion, was seiz'd; and thereupon the Prince grew angry.

SMI. So, so; now 'tis very plain.

JOHNS. But, Mr. *Bayes*, is not that some disparagement to a Prince, to pass for a Fishermans Son? Have a care of that, I pray.

BAYES. No, no, no; not at all; for 'tis but for a while: I shall fetch him off again, presently, you shall see

Enter Pretty-man and Thimble.

Pret. By all the Gods, I'll set the world on fire
Rather than let 'em ravish hence my Sire.

Thim. Brave *Pretty-man*, it is at length reveal'd,
That he is not thy Sire who thee conceal'd.

BAYES. Lo' you now, there he's off again.

JOHNS. Admirably done i'faith.

BAYES. Ay, now the Plot thickens very much upon us.

Pret. What Oracle this darknes can evince?
Sometimes a Fishers Son, sometimes a Prince.
It is a secret, great as is the world;
In which, I, like the fowl, am tofs'd and hurl'd.
The blackest Ink of Fate, sure, was my Lot.
And, when she writ my name, she made a blot.

[*Exit.*

BAYES. There's a blust'ring verse for you now.

SMI. Yes, Sir; but pray, why is he so mightily troubled to find he is not a Fishermans Son?

BAYES. Phoo! that is not because he has a mind to be his Son, but for fear he should be thought to be nobodies Son at all.

SMI. I, that would trouble a man, indeed.

BAYES. So, let me see. *Enter Prince Volscius, going out of Town.*

SMI. I thought he had been gone to *Piccadillé*.

In ridicule of Act iv. Sc. i. of *English Monsieur*, by the Hon. J. HOWARD, of which this is a portion.

Enter Comely in a Riding Garb, with his servant.

Comely. Let my Horses be brought ready to the door, for i'll go out of Town this Evening. [*Exit servant.*

Enter Welbred.

Well. Why, how now Comely, booted and spur'd ?

Comely. Marry am I.

Wel. For how long ?

Comely. Why, for this seven years for ought I know, I am weary of this Town, and all that's in it, as for women I am in love with none, nor never shall, I find I have a pretty strong defence about my heart against that folly. O here comes the Ladies very opportunely for me.

Enter Lady VVealthy and two other Ladies.

To take my leave of e'm.

L. Weal. Mr. *Comely* your Servant—what in a Riding Garb.

Comely. A dress fitting for a Country Journey Madam.

L. Weal. Why, can you ever leave this Town ?

Comely. That I can truly madam, within this hour.

L. Weal. I can't believe it.

Comely. So that for my future health i'll retire into the Countrey for Air, and there Hunt and Hawk, Eat and sleep so sound, that I will never dream of a woman, or any part about her — This resolution of mine has made me turn Poet, and therefore before I go, you shall hear a Song called my farewell to *London* and women, boy sing the Song.

Of which song the third and last stanza runs thus :—

Therefore this danger to prevent

And still to keep my hearts content :

'Into the country I'll with speed,

With Hounds and Hawks my fancy feed |

Both safer pleasures to pursue,

Than staying to converse with you.

BAYES. Yes, he gave out so ; but that was onely to cover his design.

JOHNS. What design ?

BAYES. Why, to head the Army, that lies conceal'd for him in *Knights-bridge*.

JOHNS. I see here is a great deal of Plot, Mr. *Bayes*.

BAYES. Yes, now it begins to break ; but we shall have a world of more business anon.

¹ *Enter Prince Volscius, Cloris, Amarillis, and Harry with a Riding-Cloak and Boots.*

² *Ama.* Sir, you are cruel, thus to leave the Town, And to retire to Country solitude.

Clo. We hop'd this Summer that we should at least Have held the honour of your company.

BAYES. Held the honour of your Company ! prettily express'd ! Held the honour of your company ! God-fookers, these fellows will never take notice of any thing.

JOHNS. I assure you, Sir, I admire it extremely ; I don't know what he does.

BAYES. I, I, he's a little envious ; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this single boon obtain,
That you will here with poor us still remain.
Before your Horses come pronounce our fate,
For then, alas, I fear 'twill be too late.

BAYES. Sad !

Vols. Harry, my Boots ; for I'll go rage among My Blades encamp'd, and quit this *Urban* throng.

SMI. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, is not this a little difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep an Army thus conceal'd in *Knights-bridge*.

BAYES. In *Knights-bridge* ? stay.

JOHNS. No, not if the Inn-keepers be his friends.

BAYES. His friends ! Ay, Sir, his intimate acquaintance ; or else, indeed, I grant it could not be.

SMI. Yes, faith, so it might be very easily.

Comely fees *Elsba*, a Country lass, and falls suddenly
in love with her.

¹ *Comely*. . . . set up my Horses. What sudden
fate hath chang'd my mind ! I feel my heart so rest-
less now as if it n'ere knew rest, sure I'me in love ;

The Hon. J. HOWARD. *English Monsieur*, Act iv. Sc. i. p. 42.
Ed. 1674

² And what's this maid's name ?

Idem, Act iv. Sc. i. p. 40. Ed. 1674

³ *Muslapha*. I bring the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud.

Sir W. D'AVENANT, *Siege of Rhodes*. P. I. 'The Second Entry.'
p. 10. Ed. 1656.

⁴ Mr. *Comely* in love !

English Monsieur, Act iv. Sc. ii. p. 45. Ed. 1674.

⁵ " *Love and Honour*, Written by W. DAVENANT Knight.
Presented by His Majesties Servants at the *Black Fryers*."
London, 1649, 4to.

BAYES. Nay, if I do not make all things easie, I gad, I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he is going out of Town; but you shall see how prettily I have contriv'd to stop him presently.

SMI. By my troth, Sir, you have so amaz'd me, I know not what to think.

Enter Parthenope.

Vols. Bless me! how frail are all my best resolves!
How, in a moment, is my purpose chang'd!¹
Too soon I thought my self secure from Love.
Fair Madam, give me leave to ask her name
Who does so gently rob me of my fame?
For I should meet the Army out of Town,
And, if I fail, must hazard my renown.

Par. My Mother, Sir, sells Ale by the Town-walls,
And me her dear *Parthenope* she calls.

Vols. Can vulgar Vestments high-born beauty shrowd?
²Thou bring'st the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud?

BAYES. The Morning pictur'd in a Cloud! A, Gad-lookers, what a conceipt is there!

Par. Give you good Ev'n, Sir. [*Exit.*

Vols. O inauspicious Stars! that I was born
To sudden love, and to more sudden scorn!

Ama. *Cloris*, How! 'Prince *Volscius* in love? Ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt laughing.*

SMI. Sure, Mr. *Bayes*, we have lost some jest here, that they laugh at so.

BAYES. Why did you not observe? He first resolves to go out of Town, and then, as he is pulling on his Boots, falls in love. Ha, ha, ha.

SMI. O, I did not observe: that, indeed, is a very good jest.

BAYES. Here, now, you shall see a combat betwixt Love and Honour. An ancient Author has made a whole Play on't³; but I have dispatch'd it all in this Scene.

¹ May this slip be accepted as evidence that this Act stood second in the original Play?

² (a) *Felisbravo*. LOVE, and HONOUR, pull *two* ways ;
And I stand doubtful *which* to take :
To *Arabia*, Honour says,
Love says no ; thy stay *here* make.

Sir R. FANSHAWE'S translation of *Querer pro solo Querer*.
Act iii. p. 140. Ed. 1671.

(b) *Alphonso*. But Honour says not so.
Siege of Rhodes, Part I. p. 19.

(c) *Ent*. Palladius *softly reading 2. letters*.

Pall. I stand betwixt two minds ! what's best to doe ?
This bids me stay ; This spurs me on to goe.
Once more let our impartiall eyes peruse
Both t'one and t'other : Both may not prevaile.

My Lord,

Rise not your honour so much as to disprize her that honours you, in choosing rather to meet Death in the field, then *Pulchrella* in her desires. Give my affection leave once more to dissuade you from trying Conquest with so unequall a Foe : Or if a Combate must be tryed, make a Bed of Roses the Field, and me your Enemy. The Interest I claim in you is sufficient warrant to my desires, which according to the place they find in your Respects, confirme me either the happiest of all Ladies, or make me the most unfortunate of all women. PULCHRELLA.

A Charme too strong for Honour to repress.

Mus. A heart too poore for Honour to possesse.

Fall. Honour must stoop to Vows. But what saies this ?

[*Reads the other Letter*.

My Lord,

THE hand that guides this Pen, being guided by the ambition of your honour, and my owne affection, presents you with the wishes of a faithfull servant, who desires not to buy you safety with the hazard of your Reputation. Goe on with courage, and know, *Panthea* shall partake with you in either fortune : If conquer'd, my heart shall be your Monument, to preserve and glorifie your honour'd ashes ; If a Conqueror, my tongue shall be your Herault to proclaime you the Champion of our Sex, and the Phoenix of your own, honour'd by all, equall'd by few, beloved by none more dearly then Your owne Panthea.

I sayle betwixt two Rocks ! What shall I doe ?

What Marble melts not if *Pulchrella* wooe ?

² Volscius *sits down.*

Vols. How has my passion made me *Cupid's* scoff!
 This hasty Boot is on, the other off,
 And fullen lyes, with amorous design
 To quit loud fame, and make that Beauty mine.
 My Legs, the Emblem of my various thought,
 Shew to what sad distraction I am brought.
 Sometimes, with stubborn Honour, like this Boot.
 My mind is guarded, and resolv'd to do't:
 Sometimes, again, that very mind, by Love
 Difarmed, like this other Leg does prove.

JOHNS. What pains Mr. *Bayes* takes to act this speech himself!

SMI. I, the fool, I see, is mightily transported with it.

Vols. Shall I to Honour or to Love give way?
 Go on, cries Honour; tender Love says, nay:
 Honour, aloud, commands, pluck both boots on;
 But softer Love does whisper, put on none.
 What shall I do? what conduct shall I find
 To lead me through this twy-light of my mind?
 For as bright Day with black approach of Night
 Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling light;
 So does my Honour and my Love together
 Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither.

[*Exit with one Boot on, and the other off.*

JOHNS. By my troth, Sir, this is as difficult a Combat as ever I saw, and as equal; for 'tis determin'd on neither side.

BAYES. Ay, is't not, I gad, ha? For, to go off hip hop, hip hop, upon this occasion, is a thousand times better than any conclusion in the world, I gad. But, Sirs, you cannot make any judgement of this Play, because we are come but to the end of the second¹ Act. Come, the Dance. [*Dance.*

Well Gentlemen, you'll see this Dance, if I am not mistaken, take very well upon the Stage, when they are perfect in their motions, and all that.

Or what hard-hearted eare can be so dead,
 As to be deafe, if faire *Panthea* plead?
 Whom shall I please? Or which shall I refuse?
Pulchrella fues, and fair *Panthea* fues:
Pulchrella melts me with her love-sick teares,
 But brave *Panthea* batters downe my eares
 With Love's Pettarre: *Pulchrellas* breast enclōses
 A soft Affection wrapt in Beds of Roses.
 But in the rare *Pantheas* noble lines,
 True Worth and Honour, with Affection joynes.
 I stand even-balanc'd, doubtfully opprest,
 Beneathe the burthen of a bivious brest.
 When I peruse my sweet *Pulchrellas* teares,
 My blood growes wanton, and I plunge in feares:
 But when I read divine *Panthea's* charmes,
 I turne all fierie, and I graspe for armes.
 Who ever saw, when a rude blast out-braves,
 And thwarts the swelling Tide, how the proud waves
 Rock the drencht Pinace on the Sea-greene brest
 Of frowning *Amphitrite*, who opprest
 Betwixt two Lords, (not knowing which t' obey)
 Remaines a Neuter in a doubtfull way.
 So toft am I, bound to such strait confines,
 Betwixt *Pulchrella's* and *Panthea's* lines.
 Both cannot speed: But one that must prevaile.
 I stand even poys'd: an Atome turnes the scale.

F. QUARLES. *The Virgin Widow.* Act iii. Sc. i. pp. 41-43. Ed. 1649.

SMI. I don't know 'twill take, Sir ; but I am fure you sweat hard for't.

BAYES. Ay, Sir, it coſts me more pains, and trouble, to do theſe things, than almoſt the things are worth.

SMI. By my troth, I think ſo, Sir.

BAYES. Not for the things themſelves, for I could write you, Sir, forty of 'em in a day ; but, I gad, theſe Players are ſuch dull perſons, that, if a man be not by upon every point, and at every turn, I gad, they'l miſtake you, Sir, and ſpoil all.

Enter a Player.

What, is the Funeral ready ?

Play. Yes, Sir.

BAYES. And is the Lance fill'd with Wine ?

Play. Sir, 'tis juſt now a doing.

BAYES. Stay then ; I'l do it my ſelf.

SMI. Come, let's go with him.

BAYES. A match. But, Mr. *Johnson*, I gad, I am not like other perſons ; they care not what becomes of their things, ſo they can but get money for 'em : now, I gad, when I write, if it be not juſt as it ſhould be, in every circumſtance, to every particular, I gad, I am not able to endure it, I am not my ſelf, I'm out of my wits, and all that, I'm the ſtrangeſt perſon in the whole world. For what care I for my money ? I gad, I write for Fame and Reputation. [*Excunt.*]

Finis Actus Tertii.

¹ Colonel *Henry Howard*, Son of *Thomas Earl of Berkshire*, made a Play, call'd the *United Kingdoms*, which began with a Funeral ; and had also two Kings in it. This gave the Duke a just occasion to set up two Kings in *Brentford*, as 'tis generally believed ; tho' others are of Opinion, that his grace had our two Brothers in his thoughts. It was Acted at the *Cock-Pit* in *Drury-Lane*, soon after the *Restoration* ; but miscarrying on the stage, the Author had the Modesty not to Print it ; and therefore, the Reader cannot reasonably expect any particular Passages of it. Others say, that they are *Boabdelin* and *Abdalla*, the two contending Kings of *Granada*, and Mr. *Dryden* has in most of his serious Plays two contending Kings of the same Place. *Key, 1704*

ACTUS IV. SCÆNA I.

BAYES, and the two Gentlemen.

BAYES.



Entlemen, because I would not have any two things alike in this Play, the last Act beginning with a witty Scene of mirth, I make this to begin with a Funeral.

SMI. And is that all your reason for it, Mr. Bayes?

BAYES. No, Sir; I have a precedent for it too. A person of Honour, and a Scholar, brought in his Funeral just so: and he was one (let me tell you) that knew as well what belong'd to a Funeral, as any man in *England*, I gad.¹

JOHNS. Nay, if that be so, you are safe.

BAYES. I gad, but I have another device, a frolick, which I think yet better than all this; not for the Plot or Characters, (for, in my Heroick Plays, I make no difference, as to those matters) but for another contrivance.

SMI. What is that, I pray?

BAYES. Why, I have design'd a Conquest, that cannot possibly, I gad, be acted in less than a whole week: and I'll speak a bold word, it shall Drum, Trumpet, Shout and Battel, I gad, with any the most warlike Tragedy we have, either ancient or modern.

JOHNS. I marry, Sir; there you say something.

SMI. And pray, Sir, how have you order'd this same frolick of yours?

BAYES. Faith, Sir, by the Rule of Romance. For example: they divide their things into three, four, five, six, seven, eight, or as many Tomes as they please: now, I would very fain know, what should hinder me, from doing the same with my things, if I please.

JOHNS. Nay, if you should not be Master of your own works, 'tis very hard.

¹ Bp. Percy says :—

This is intended to ridicule the absurd custom of writing plays in several parts, as the *Siege of Rhodes*, Parts I. and II. Killigrew's *Bellamira* I and II. *Thomaso* I. and II. *Cicilia* and *Clorinda*, I. and II. &c. ; but is principally levelled at the *Conquest of Granada* in 2 Parts : which is properly but one play of ten acts, neither the plot nor characters being compleat or intelligible in either without the other.

² Bp. Percy considers that this refers to *Conquest of Granada*, Part II. Act iv,

BAYES. That is my fence. And therefore, Sir, whereas every one makes five Acts to one Play, what do me I, but make five Plays to one Plot : by which means the Auditors have every day a new thing.

JOHNS. Most admirably good, i' faith! and must certainly take, because it is not tedious.

BAYES. I, Sir, I know that, there's the main point. And then, upon *Saturday*, to make a clofe of all, (for I ever begin upon a *Monday*) I make you, Sir, a fixth Play, that fums up the whole matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they should have forgot it.¹

JOHNS. That confideration, Mr. *Bayes*, indeed, I think, will be very necessary.

SMI. And when comes in your share, pray Sir?

BAYES. The third week.

JOHNS. I vow, you'l get a world of money.

BAYES. Why, faith, a man must live : and if you don't, thus, pitch upon some new device, I gad, you'l never do it, for this Age (take it o' my word) is somewhat hard to please. There is one prettie odd passage, in the last of these Plays, which may be executed to severall ways, wherein I'd have your opinion, Gentlemen.

JOHNS. Well, what is't?

BAYES. Why, Sir, I make a Male person to be in Love with a Female.

SMI. Do you mean that, Mr. *Bayes*, for a new thing?

BAYES. Yes, sir, as I have order'd it. You shall hear. He having passionately lov'd her through my five whole Plays, finding at last that she consents to his love, just after that his Mother had appear'd to him like a Ghost, he kills himself. That's one way. The other is, that she coming at last to love him, with as violent a passion as he lov'd her, she kills her self.² Now my question is, which of these two persons should suffer upon this occasion?

JOHNS. By my troth, it is a very hard case to decide.

BAYES. The hardest in the world, I gad ; and has

¹ *The Ghost* [of his mother] comes on, softly, after the Conjunction; and Almanzor retires to the middle of the Stage.

Ghost. I am the Ghost of her who gave thee birth:
The Airy shadow of her mouldring Earth.
Love of thy Father me through Seas did guide;
On Sea's I bore thee, and on Sea's I dy'd.
I dy'd; and for my Winding-sheet, a Wave
I had; and all the Ocean for my Grave.

J. DRYDEN. *Conquest of Granada*, P. I. Act iv. p. 130. Ed. 1672.

² Almanzor, in *Conquest of Granada*.

puzzled this pate very much. What say you, Mr. *Smith*?

SMI. Why, truly, Mr. *Bayes*, if it might stand with your justice, I should now spare 'em both.

BAYES. I gad, and I think—ha—why then, I'll make him hinder her from killing her self. Ay, it shall be so. Come, come, bring in the Funeral.

[*Enter a Funeral, with the two Usurpers and Attendants.*

Lay it down there: no, here, Sir. So, now speak.

K. Ush. Set down the Funeral Pile, and let our grief Receive, from its embraces, some relief.

K. Phys. Was't not unjust to ravish hence her breath,
And, in life's stead, to leave us nought but death?

The world discovers now its emptiness,
And, by her loss, demonstrates we have less.

BAYES. Is not that good language now? is not that elevate? It's my *non ultra*, I gad. You must know they were both in love with her.

SMI. With her? with whom?

BAYES. Why, this is *Lardella's* Funeral.

SMI. *Lardella*! I, who is she?

BAYES. Why, Sir, the Sister of *Drawcanfir*. A Ladie that was drown'd at Sea, and had a wave for her winding-sheet.¹

K. Ush. *Lardella*, O *Lardella*, from above,
Behold the Tragick issue of our Love.
Pitie us, sinking under grief and pain,
For thy being cast away upon the Main.

BAYES. Look you now, you see I told you true.

SMI. I, Sir, and I thank you for it, very kindly.

BAYES. Ay, I gad, but you will not have patience; honest Mr.—a—you will not have patience.

JOHNS. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, who is that *Drawcanfir*?

BAYES. Why, Sir, a fierce *Hero*, that frights his Mistris, snubs up Kings, baffles Armies, and does what he will, without regard to good manners, justice or numbers.

JOHNS. A very prettie Character.

I have form'd a Heroe [*i.e.* Almanzor], I confefs; not abſolutely perfect; but of an exceſſive and overboyling courage, both *Homer* and *Taſſo* are my precedents. Both the Greek and the Italian Poet had well conſider'd that a tame Heroe who never tranſgreſſes the bounds of moral vertue, would ſhine but dimly in an Epick poem.

J. DRYDEN. Dedication to *Conqueſt of Granada*.

See alſo on this ſubject, the prefatory Eſſay to the ſame play, entitled *Of Heroique Playes*.

SMI. But, Mr. *Bayes*, I thought your *Heroes* had ever been men of great humanity and justice.

BAYES. Yes, they have been so ; but, for my part, I prefer that one quality of singly beating of whole Armies, above all your moral vertues put together, I gad. You shall see him come in presently. Zookers, why don't you read the papyr ? [*To the Players.*

K. Phys. O, cry you mercie. [*Goes to take the papyr.*

BAYES. Pish ! nay you are such a fumbler. Come, I'll read it my self. [*Takes a papyr from off the coffin.* Stay, it's an ill hand, I must use my Spectacles. This, now, is a Copie of Verfes, which I make *Lardella* compose, just as she is dying, with design to have it pin'd on her Coffin, and so read by one of the Ufurpers, who is her Cousin.

SMI. A very shrewd design that, upon my word, Mr. *Bayes*.

BAYES. And what do you think I fancie her to make Love like, here, in the papyr ?

SMI. Like a woman : what should she make Love like ?

BAYES. O' my word you are out though, Sir ; I gad you are.

SMI. What then ? like a man ?

BAYES. No, Sir ; like a Humble Bee.

SMI. I confes, that I should not have fancy'd.

BAYES. It may be so, Sir. But it is, though, in order to the opinion of some of your ancient Philosophers, who held the transfmigration of the soul.

SMI. Very fine.

BAYES. I'll read the Title. *To my dear Couz, King Phys.*

SMI. That's a little too familiar with a King, though, Sir, by your favour, for a Humble Bee.

BAYES. Mr. *Smith*, for other things, I grant your knowledge may be above me ; but, as for Poetry, give me leave to say, I understand that better : it has been longer my practice ; it has indeed, Sir.

SMI. Your servant, Sir.

BAYES. Pray mark it.

[*Reads.*

¹ *Berenice*. My earthly part——
 Which is my Tyrants right, death will remove,
 I'll come all Soul and Spirit to your Love.
 With silent steps I'll follow you all day;
 Or else before you, in the Sun-beams, play.
 I'll lead you thence to melancholy Groves,
 And there repeat the Scenes of our past Loves

At night, I will within your Curtains peep;
 With empty arms embrace you while you sleep.
 In gentle dreams I often will be by;
 And sweep along, before your closing eye.

All dangers from your bed I will remove;
 But guard it most from any future Love.
 And when at last, in pity, you will dye,

I'll watch your Birth of Immortality:
 Then, Turtle-like, I'll to my Mate repair;
 And teach you your first flight in open Air.

JOHN DRYDEN. *Tyrannick Love*. Act iii. Sc. i. p. 28. Ed. 1672.

Since death my earthly part will thus remove
 I'll come a Humble Bee to your chaste love.
 With filent wings I'll follow you, dear Couz ;
 Or else, before you, in the Sun-beams buz.
 And when to Melancholy Groves you come,
 An Airy Ghost, you'll know me by my Hum ;
 For found, being Air, a Ghost does well become.

SMI. (After a pause). Admirable !

BAYES. At night, into your bosom I will creep,
 And Buz but softly if you chance to sleep :
 Yet, in your Dreams, I will pass sweeping by,
 And then, both Humand Buz before your eye.

JOHNS. By my troth, that's a very great promise.

SMI. Yes, and a most extraordinary comfort to boot.

BAYES. Your bed of Love, from dangers I will free ;
 But most, from love of any future Bee.
 And when, with pitie, your heart-strings shall
 crack,
 With emptie arms I'll bear you on my back.

SMI. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

BAYES. Ay, I gad, but is not that *tuant* now, ha ? is
 it not *tuant* ? Here's the end.

Then, at your birth of immortality,
 Like any winged Archer, hence I'll fly,
 And teach you your first flutt'ring in the Sky.

JOHNS. O rare ! it is the most natural, refin'd fancie
 this, that ever I heard, I'll swear.

BAYES. Yes, I think, for a dead person, it is a good
 enough way of making love : for being divested of her
 Terrestrial part, and all that, she is only capable of these
 little, pretty, amorous designs that are innocent, and
 yet passionate. Come, draw your swords.

K. Phys. Come sword, come sheath thy self within
 this breast,
 That only in *Lardella's* Tomb can rest.

¹ See the Scene in the Villain : where the Host furnishes his guests with a collation out of his Cloaths ; a Capon from his Helmet, a Tansey out of the Lining of his Cap, Cream out of his Scabbard, &c. Key 1704.

The text of this Scene, which must have depended much more upon the acting than the speeches for its success, is as follows :

Host. 'Tis the Sign of the Pig, and I'm the Master of the Cabaret, which shall give you most Excellent content.

Colig. Say't thou so honest fellow ? faith thou art a very merry honest fellow ; Sisters, I'll treat you, and these Gentlemen, at this Cabaret he talks of ; Prethee honest Friend where is this Cabaret ? for I long to be in a Cabaret.

Host. Why here Sir, sit down at this Table, And call for what you will.

Delpe. How's this, how's this ? S'death are you one of *Urgan-da's* Squiers ? pray friend whence shall the meat, and wine come ?

Lamar. From *Tripoli* on a Broomstick.

Host. Pray Gentlemen, hinder me not the Custom of the young gallant ; Entreat but these Ladies to sit down, and break my head If you be not well treated, I'll desire no favour.

Colig. Nor no money neither, I hope Sir.

Host. Truly I won't ; if you be not pleas'd above expectation, Ne'r Trust one again of my profession.

Delpe. Faith Ladies this may prove worth our Curiosity ; Come we will sit down.

Maria. What you please Sir.

Colig. That's my good Sister ; Come, come, La Couvert, la Couvert.

Lamar. This begins to look like somthing, he's bravely stuf I'll warrant you, he is so well hung.

Colig. Now Sir, a cold brest of your delicate white Veal.

Host. Here you have it Sir.

Colig. Nay, nay, and a fallet ? good Sir, a fallet ?

Host. Well Sir, I must untrufs a poynt.

Colig. How Sir, to give us a fallet ? why have you been at grafs ?

Delpe. Why d'ye'e want a boyl'd fallet Mounsieur ?

Lamar. Before St. *Lewis* an Excellent Trimming, I'll ha' my next Suit, that I go into the Campaign with, trimm'd all with Safages.

Maria. 'Twill make many a hungry Souldier aim at you.

Colig. Well thought on ifaith Sir.

Come friend, a Dish of Safages, a dish of Safages.

Host. VVhy look you Sir, this Gentleman only mistook the placing, these do better in a belt.

K. Ush. Come, dagger, come, and penetrate this heart.
Which cannot from *Lardella's* Love depart.

Enter Pallas.

Pal. Hold, stop your murd'ring hands
At *Pallas's* commands :
For the supposed dead, O Kings,
Forbear to act such deadly things.
Lardella lives : I did but try
If Princes for their Loves could dye.
Such Cœlestial constancie
Shall, by the Gods, rewarded be :
And from these Funeral obsequies
A Nuptial Banquet shall arise.

[*The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is discover'd.*

BAYES. Now it's out. This is the very Funeral of the fair person which *Volsci*us sent word was dead, and *Pallas*, you see, has turn'd it into a Banquet.

JOHNS. By my troth, now, that is new, and more than I expected.

BAYES. Yes, I knew this would please you : for the chief Art in Poetry is to elevate your expectation, and then bring you off some extraordinary way.

K. Ush. Resplendent *Pallas*, we in thee do find
The fiercest Beauty, and a fiercer mind :
And since to thee *Lardella's* life we owe,
We'll supple Statues in thy Temple grow.

K. Phys. Well, since alive *Lardella's* found,
Let, in full Boles, her health go round.

[*The two Ufurpers take each of them a Bole in their hands.*

K. Ush. But where's the Wine ?

Pal. That shall be mine.

Lo, from this conquering Lance,
Does flow the purest wine of *France* :
And, to appease your hunger, I
Have, in my Helmet, brought a Pye :
Lastly, to bear a part with these,
Behold a Buckler made of Cheefe. [*Vanish Pallas.*

Fills the
Boles out
of her
Lance.

¹ *Enter Almahide with a Taper.*

Almahide. My Light will sure discover those who talk;
Who dares to interrupt my private Walk?

Almanzor. He who dares love; and for that love must
dye,

And, knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.

J. DRYDEN. *Conquest of Granada*, P. II. Act iv. p. 131. Ed. 1672.

² I will not now, if thou wouldst beg me, stay;
But I will take my *Almahide* away.

Idem, P. I. Act v. p. 60. Ed. 1672.

³ *Almanzor.* Thou darst not marry her while I'm in
fight;

With a bent brow thy Priest and thee I'll fright,
And in that Scene

Which all thy hopes and wishes should content,
The thought of me shall make thee impotent.

He is led off by Guards.

Idem, P. I. Act v. p. 61. Ed. 1672.

⁴ *Almanzor.* Spight of my self I'll stay, Fight, Love,
Despair,

And I can do all this, because I dare.

Idem, P. II. Act ii. p. 99. Ed. 1672.

Enter Drawcanfir.

K. Phys. What man is this that dares disturb our feast?

Draw. He that dares drink, and for that drink dares die,
And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

JOHNS. That is as much as to say, that though he would rather die than not drink, yet he would fain drink for all that too.

BAYES. Right; that's the concept on't.

JOHNS. 'Tis a marvellous good one; I swear.

K. Ush. Sir, if you please we should be glad to know
How long you here will stay, how soon you'll go.

BAYES. Is not that now like a well-bred person, I gad? So modest, so gent!

SMI. O, very like.

Draw. You shall not know how long I here will stay;
But you shall know I'll take my Boles away.

Snatches the Boles out of the Kings hands, and drinks 'em off.

SMI. But, Mr. *Bayes*, is that (too) modest and gent?

BAYES. No, I gad, Sir, but it's great.

K. Ush. Though, Brother, this grum stranger be a
Clown,

He'll leave us, sure, a little to gulp down.

Draw. Who e'er to gulp one drop of this dares think
I'll stare away his very pow'r to drink.

The two Kings sneak off the Stage, with their Attendants.

' I drink, I huff, I strut, look big and stare;
And all this I can do, because I dare. [*Exit.*

SMI. I suppose, Mr. *Bayes*, this is the fierce *Hero* you spoke of.

BAYES. Yes; but this is nothing: you shall see him, in the last Act, win above a dozen battels, one after another, I gad, as fast as they can possibly be represented.

JOHNS. That will be a fight worth seeing, indeed.

SMI. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, why do you make the Kings let him use 'em so scurvily?

Continued from p. 100.

Fran. A strange fellow this.

Delpe. I, is it not? come Sir, wine we see you have ;
Prethee let's taft the beft.

Hoft. That you fhall Sir ;
If you'll hear Mufick, and a Song with't,
I'm ready : you fhall want nothing here.

Sings.

*Yee may Tipple, and Tipple, and Tipple all out,
Till yee baffle the Stars, and the Sun face about.*

Delpe. Away with your Drunken fongs, have you nothing
fitter to please the Ladies?

Hoft. Yes Sir.

Delpe. Come away with it then.

Hoft Sings.

Colig. Moft Excellent ifaith! Here's to thee honeft fellow
with all my heart ; nay ftay a little, this is very good VVine ;
here's to thee again—heark you honeft fellow, let me fpeak
with you afide. D'ye Count here by pieces or d'ye treat by the
head?

Hoft. I'll treat by the head Sir, if you please ; a Crown a
head, and you fhall have excellent cheer, VVine as much as you
can drink.

Colig. That's honeftly faid ; you know my father friend, tis
Mounfieur *Cortaux*.

Hoft. Yes Sir, the famous Scrivener here of *Tours*.

Colig. VVell, treat us very well, I'll fee thee pay'd.

Hoft. Nay Sir, I'll fee myfelf pay'd, I'll warrant you, before you
and I part.

Colig. I do mean it fo honeft friend, but prethee fpeak not a
word to the Gentlemen, for then you quite difgrace, Sir, your
moft humble Servant.

Hoft. Mum, a word to the wife is enough.

Colig. Come, come, Friend where's the Capon of *Bruges* you
laft spoke of?

Hoft. Here at hand Sir, Wife undo my Helmet, this, Sir,
Is my Crest.

Delpe. A very improper one for a marri'd man.

Colig. Yes faith and troth, he fhould have had horns, ha, ha, ha,
Here's to yee noble Captain ; a very good jeft
As I am a Gentleman :

D'elp. I thank you Sir !

Colig. Methink's you are melancholly, Sir !

La'ma. Not I Sir, I can affure you : Lady's how
Like ye the fport, an odd Collation, but well
Contriv'd.

Fran. The contrivance is all in all.

Concluded at p. 106.

BAYES. Phoo! that is to raise the character of *Drawcanfir*.

JOHNS. O' my word, that was well thought on.

BAYES. Now, Sir, I'll shew you a Scene indeed; or rather, indeed, the Scene of Scenes. 'Tis an Heroick Scene.

SMI. And pray, Sir, what is your design in this Scene?

BAYES. Why, Sir, my design is *Roman* Cloaths, gilded Truncheons, forc'd concept, smooth Verse, and a Rant: In fine, if this Scene does not take, I gad, I'll write no more. Come, come in, Mr.—a—nay, come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I must desire you to remove a little, for I must fill the Stage.

SMI. Why fill the Stage?

BAYES. O, Sir, because your Heroick Verse never sounds well, but when the Stage is full.

SCÆNA II.

Enter Prince Pretty-man, and Prince Volfcius.



Ay, hold, hold; pray by your leave a little. Look you, Sir, the drift of this Scene is somewhat more than ordinary: for I make 'em both fall out because they are not in love with the same woman.

SMI. Not in love? you mean, I suppose, because they are in love, Mr. *Bayes*?

BAYES. No, Sir; I say not in love: there's a new concept for you. Now, speak.

Pret. Since fate, Prince *Volfcius*, has found out the way

For our so long'd-for meeting here this day,
Lend thy attention to my grand concern.

Vols. I gladly would that story of thee learn;
But thou to love dost, *Pretty-man*, incline:
Yet love in thy breast is not love in mine.

BAYES. *Antithesis!* thine and mine.

Concluded from p. 104.

Maria. What makes my Brother kneel, look, look Sister.

Colig. Here's a health to our noble Colonel,
Gentlemen, ye see 'tis a good one !

D'elp. Yes, and a large one, but if both drink it
How shall we lead your Sisters home !

Colig. No matter, Hem : here 'tis Gentlemen, *super Naculum*
Come, come a Tansey Sirrah quickly.

D'elp. Has pos'd ye there mine Host.

Host. That's as time shall try, look ye here Sir.
The lining of my Cap is good for something.

La'mar. Faith this was unlook'd for.

D'elp. S'fish I think all his apparel is made of commendable
Stuff ; has he not Ginger-bread-shoes on.

Host. No truly Sir : 'tis seldom call'd for in a Tavern,

Colig. Nay I've no need on't, faith thou art a brave
Fellow : Here's mine Host's health Gentlemen.

D'elp. Could you procure these Ladies a dish of Cream
Sir, this will shew your Master-piece !

Host. 'Tis the only weapon I fight at ; look ye
Gentlemen the thunder has melted my sword
In the scabbard, But 'tis good, taste it.

D'elp. Th' ast my Verdict to be the wonder of Hosts,
Shalt have a Patent for't if I have any
Power at Court.

T. PORTER. *The Villain.* Act iii. Sc. i. pp. 47—50. Ed. 1663

Pret. Since love it self's the fame, why should it be
Diff'ring in you from what it is in me ?

BAYES. Reasoning ; I gad, I love reasoning in verse.

Vols. Love takes, *Cameleon-like*, a various dye
From every Plant on which it self does lye.

BAYES. *Simile!*

Pret. Let not thy love the course of Nature fright :
Nature does most in harmony delight.

Vols. How weak a *Deity* would Nature prove
Contending with the pow'rful God of Love ?

BAYES. There's a great Verse !

Vols. If Incense thou wilt offer at the Shrine
Of mighty Love, burn it to none but mine.
Her Rosie-lips external sweets exhale ;
And her bright flames make all flames else look pale.

BAYES. I gad, that is right.

Pret. Perhaps dull Incense may thy love suffice ;
But mine must be ador'd with Sacrifice.
All hearts turn ashes which her eyes controul :
The Body they consume as well as Soul.

Vols. My love has yet a power more Divine ;
Victims her Altars burn not, but refine :
Amid'st the flames they ne'er give up the Ghost,
But, with her looks, revive still as they roast.
In spite of pain and death, they're kept alive :
Her fiery eyes makes 'em in fire survive.

BAYES. That is as well as I can do.

Vols. Let my *Parthenope* at length prevail.

BAYES. Civil, I gad.

Pret. I'll sooner have a passion for a Whale :
In whose vast bulk, though store of Oyl doth lye,
We find more shape more beauty in a Fly.

SMI. That's uncivil, I gad.

BAYES. Yes ; but as far a fetch'd fancie, though,
I gad, as ever you saw.

¹ *Maximin.* Thou ly'st:—there's not a God inhabits there,
 But for this Christian would all Heav'n forswear.
 Ev'n *Jove* would try more shapes her Love to win :
 And in new birds, and unknown beasts would sin ;
 At least, if *Jove* could love like *Maximin.* }

J. DRYDEN, *Tyrannick Love*, Act ii. p. 19. Ed. 1670.

²(a) *Maximin.* Stay ; if thou speak'st that word, thou speak'st thy last :
 Some God now, if he dares, relate what's past :
 Say but he's dead, that God shall mortal be.

Idem, Act i. p. 7. Ed. 1670.

(b) *Maximin.* Provoke my rage no farther, lest I be Reveng'd at once upon the Gods and thee.

Idem, Act i. p. 9. Ed. 1670.

Vols. Soft, *Pretty-man*, let not thy vain pretence
Of perfect love, defame loves excellence.

Parthenope is fure as far above
All other loves, as above all is Love.

BAYES. Ah! I gad, that strikes me.

Pret. To blame my *Cloris*, Gods would not pretend.

BAYES. Now mark.

¹ *Vols.* Were all Gods joyn'd, they could not hope
to mend.

My better choice : for fair *Parthenope*,
Gods would, themselves, un-god themselves to fee.

BAYES. Now the Rant's a coming.

¹ *Pret.* Durst any of the Gods be so uncivil,
I'd make that God subscribe himself a Devil.

BAYES. Ah, Godfookers, that's well writ!

Vols. Could'st thou that God from Heav'n to Earth
translate,

He could not fear to want a Heav'nly State.

Parthenope, on Earth, can Heav'n create.

Pret. *Cloris* does Heav'n it self so far excel,
She can transcend the joys of Heav'n in Hell.

BAYES. There's a bold flight for you now! 'Sdeath,
I have lost my peruke. Well, Gentlemen, this is that
I never yet saw any one could write, but my self.
Here's true spirit and flame all through, I gad So,
So; pray clear the Stage. [*He puts 'em off the Stage.*]

JOHNS. But, Mr. *Bayes*, pray why is this Scene all
in Verse?

BAYES. O, Sir, the subject is too great for Prose.

SMI. Well said, i' faith; I'll give thee a pot of Ale
for that answer: 'tis well worth it.

BAYES. Come, with all my heart.

I'll make that God subscribe himself a Devil.

That single line, I gad, is worth all that my brother
Poets ever writ. So, now let down the Curtain.

[*Exeunt.*]

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTUS V. SCÆNA I.

BAYES, and the two Gentlemen.

BAYES.



Ow, Gentlemen, I will be bold to say, I'll shew you the greatest Scene that ever *England* saw : I mean not for words, for those I do not value ; but for state, shew, and magnificence. In fine, I'll justifie it to be as grand to the eye every whit, I gad, as that great Scene in *Harry* the Eight, and grander too, I gad ; for, instead of two Bishops, I have brought in two other Cardinals.

The Curtain is drawn up, and the two usurping Kings appear in State, with the four Cardinals, Prince Pretty-man, Prince Volscius, Amarillis, Cloris, Parthenope, &c. before them, Heralds and Serjeants at Arms with Maces.

SMI. Mr. *Bayes*, pray what is the reason that two of the Cardinals are in Hats, and the other in Caps ?

BAYES. Why, Sir, because——By gad, I won't tell you.

SMI. I ask your pardon, Sir.

K. Ush. Now, Sir, to the business of the day.

Vols. Dread Sovereign Lords, my zeal to you, must not invade my duty to your Son ; let me intreat that great Prince *'Pretty-man'* first do speak : whose high preheminance, in all things that do bear the name of good, may justly claim that privilege.

Pret. Royal Father, upon my knees I beg
That the Illustrious *Volscius* first be heard.

BAYES. Here it begins to unfold : you may perceive, now, that he is his Son.

¹ In Sept. 1656, Sir W. D'AVENANT published '*The Siege of Rhodes*, made a Representation by the Art of Prospective in Scenes, And the story fung in *Recitative* Music. At the back of *Rutland-House* in the upper end of Aldersgate-Sreet, London.' Instead of Acts, there are five 'Entries.' This constituted Part I. The second part was published in 1663.

In 'The first Entry,' p. 4.

Enter *Alphonso*.

¹ *Alphon*. What various Noises do mine ears invade?
And have a Confort of confusion made?

' *Nakar and Damilcar descend in Clouds, and sing.*

Nakar. Hark, my *Damilcar*, we are call'd below!

Dam. Let us go, let us go!

Go to relieve the care

Of longing Lovers in despair!

Nakar. Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the East
Half tippled at a Rain-bow Feast.

Dam. In the bright Moon-shine while winds whistle

Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly, [loud,

All racking along in a downy white Cloud:

And lest our leap from the Skie should prove too far,

JOHNS. Yes, Sir ; and we are very much beholden to you for that discovery.

Vols. That preference is only due to *Amarillis*, Sir.

BAYES. I'll make her speak very well, by and by, you shall see.

Ama. Invincible Sovereigns—— [*Soft Musick.*

K. Ush. But stay, what found is this invades our ears ?

K. Phys. Sure 'tis the Musick of the moving Spheres.

Pret. Behold, with wonder, yonder comes from far
A God-like-Cloud, and a triumphant Carr :
In which, our two right Kings sit one by one,
With Virgin Vests, and Laurel Garlands on.

K. Ush. Then, Brother *Phys'*, 'tis time that we were gone. | *The two Usurpers steal out of the Throne, and go away.*

BAYES. Look you now, did not I tell you that this would be as easie a turn as the other ?

SMI. Yes, faith, you did so ; though I confes, I could not believe you ; but you have brought it about, I see.

| *The two right Kings of Brentford descend in the Clouds, singing in white garments ; and three Fidlers sitting before them, in green.*

BAYES. Now, because the two Right Kings descend from above, I make 'em sing to the Tune and Stile of our modern Spirits.

1 *King.* Haste, brother King, we are sent from above.

2 *King.* Let us move, let us move :
Move to remove the Fate
Of *Brentfords* long united State.

1 *King.* Tara, tara, tara, full East and by South,

2 *King.* We sail with Thunder in our mouth,
In scorching noon-day, whil'st the traveller staves,
Bustle, bustle, bustle, bustle, we bustle along.
Mounted upon warm *Phæbus* his Rayes,
Through the Heavenly throng,
Haste to those

We slide on the back of a new-falling Star.

Nakar. And drop from above,

In a Gelly of Love!

Dam. But now the Sun's down, and the Element's
The Spirits of Fire against us make head! [red,

Nakar. They muster, they muster, like Gnats in the
Alas! I must leave thee, my Fair; [Air,

And to my light Horse-men repair.

Dam. O stay, for you need not to fear 'em to night;

The wind is for us, and blows full in their fight:

And o're the wide Ocean we fight!

Like leaves in the Autumn our Foes will fall down;

And his in the Water——

Both. And his in the Water and drown!

Nakar. But their men lye securely intrench'd in a
Cloud:

And a Trumpeter-Hornet to battel sounds loud.

Dam. Now Mortals that spie

How we tilt in the skie

With wonder will gaze;

And fear such events as will ne're come to pass!

Nakar. Stay you to perform what the man will have
[done.

Dam. Then call me again when the Battel is won.

Both. So ready and quick is a Spirit of Air

To pity the Lover, and succour the fair,

That, silent and swift, the little soft God

Is here with a wish, and is gone with a nod.

[*The Clouds part, Nakar flies up, and Damilcar down.*

J. DRYDEN. *Tyrannick Love.* Act iv. Sc. i. pp 30—31 Ed. 1670.

Who will feast us, at night, with a Pigs
Pretty-toes.

1 *King.* - And we'll fall with our pate
In an *Ollio* of hate.

2 *King.* But now supper's done, the Servitors try,
Like Souldiers, to storm a whole half-moon-pye.

1 *King.* They gather, they gather hot Custard in
spoons,

Alas, I must leave these half-moons,
And repair to my trusty Dragoons.

2 *King.* O stay, for you need not as yet go astray ;
The Tyde, like a friend, has brought ships in our
way,

And on their high ropes we will play.

Like Maggots in Filberds, we'll snug in our shell,

We'll frisk in our shell,

We'll firk in our shell,

And farewell.

1 *King.* But the Ladies have all inclination to dance,
And the green Frogs croak out a Coranto of *France*.

BAYES. Is not that pretty, now? The Fiddlers are
all in green.

SMI. I, but they play no Coranto.

JOHNS. No, but they play a Tune, that's a great
deal better.

BAYES. No Coranto quoth a! that's a good one,
with all my heart. Come, sing on.

2 *King.* Now Mortals that hear
How we Tilt and Carrier,
With wonder will fear

The event of such things as shall never appear.

1 *King.* Stay you to fulfil what the Gods have decreed.

2 *King.* Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.

1 *King.* So firmly resolv'd is a true *Brentford* King
To save the distressed, and help to 'em bring,
That ere a Full-pot of good Ale you can swallow,
He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla.

[BAYES *phillips his finger, and sings after 'em.*

BAYES. He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla. This, Sir, you must know, I thought once to have brought in with a Conjurer.

JOHNS. I, that would have been better.

BAYES. No, faith, not when you consider it: for thus 'tis more compendious, and does the thing every whit as well.

SMI. Thing! what thing?

BAYES. Why, bring 'em down again into the Throne, Sir; what thing would you have?

SMI. Well; but, methinks, the Sence of this Song is not very plain.

BAYES. Plain? why, did you ever hear any people in Clouds speak plain? They must be all for flight of fancie, at its full range, without the least check, or controul upon it. When once you tye up spirits, and people in Clouds to speak plain, you spoil all.

SMI. Bless me, what a Monster's this!

| *The two Kings light out of the Clouds, and
| step into the Throne.*

1 *King.* Come, now to serious counsel we'll advance.

2 *King.* I do agree; but first, let's have a Dance.

BAYES. Right. You did that very well, Mr. *Cartwright*. But first, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that; be sure you do it always just so: for it must be done as if it were the effect of thought, and premeditation. But first, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that.

SMI. Well, I can hold no longer, I must gag this rogue; there's no induring of him.

JOHNS. No, pr'ythee make use of thy patience a little longer: let's see the end of him now.

[*Dance a grand Dance.*]

BAYES. This, now, is an ancient Dance, of right belonging to the Kings of *Brentford*; and since deriv'd, with a little alteration, to the Inns of Court.

An Alarm. Enter two Heralds.

¹ *Enter Abdelmelech.*

Boabdelen. What new misfortune do these Cries preface?

JOHN DRYDEN.—*Conquest of Granada*, Part II. Act i. p. 78.
Ed. 1672.

² *Enter a Second Messenger.*

Sec. Mess. Hasten all you can their fury to allwage.
You are not safe from their rebellious rage.

Enter a Third Messenger.

Third Mess. This Minute if you grant not their desire
They'll seize your Person and your Palace Fire.

Idem, Part II, Act i. p 80. Ed. 1672.

1 *King*. What sawcie Groom molests our privacies?

1 *Her*. The Army's at the door, and in disguise,
Desires a word with both your Majesties :

2 *Her*. Having, from *Knights-bridge*, hither march'd
by stealth.

2 *King*. Bid 'em attend a while, and drink our health.

SMI. How, Mr. *Bayes*, the Army in disguise?

BAYES. Ay, Sir, for fear the Usurpers might discover
them that went out but just now.

SMI. Why, what if they had discover'd them?

BAYES. Why then they had broke this design.

SMI. That's true, indeed. I did not think of that.

1 *King*. Here, take five Guineys for those warlike men.

2 *King*. And here's five more ; that makes the sum
just ten.

1 *Her*. We have not seen so much the Lord knows
when. [*Exeunt* *Heralds*.]

1 *King*. Speak on, brave *Amarillis*.

Ama. Invincible Sovereigns, blame not my modesty,
If at this grand conjuncture—

[*Drum beats behind the Stage*.]

1 *King*. What dreadful noise is this that comes and
goes?

Enter a Soldier with his Sword drawn.

2 *Sold*. Hasten hence, great Sirs, your Royal persons save.

For the event of war no mortal knows :

The Army, wrangling for the gold you gave,

First fell to words, and then to handy-blows.

[*Exit*.]

2 *King*. O dangerous estate of Sovereign pow'r !
Obnoxious to the change of every hour.

1 *King*. Let us for shelter in our Cabinet stay :

Perhaps these threat'ning storms may pass
away. [*Exeunt*.]

JOHNS. But, Mr. *Bayes*, did not you promise us,
just now, to make *Amarillis* speak very well?

BAYES. Ay, and so she would have done, but that
they hinder'd her.

SMI. How, Sir? whether you would or no?

BAYES. Ay, Sir; the Plot lay so that, I vow to gad, it was not to be avoided.

SMI. Marry, that was hard.

JOHNS. But, pray, who hinder'd her?

BAYES. Why, the battel, Sir, that's just coming in at door. And I'll tell you now a strange thing: though I don't pretend to do more than other men, I gad, I'll give you both a whole week to ghefs how I'll represent this Battel.

SMI. I had rather be bound to fight your Battel, Sir, I assure you.

BAYES. Why, there's it now: fight a Battel? there's the common error. I knew presently where I should have you. Why, pray, Sir, do but tell me this one thing, Can you think it a decent thing, in a battel before Ladies, to have men run their Swords through one another, and all that?

JOHNS. No, faith, 'tis not civil.

BAYES. On the other side; to have a long relation of Squadrons here, and Squadrons there: what is that but a dull prolixity?

JOHNS. Excellently reason'd, by my troth!

BAYES. Wherefore, Sir, to avoid both those Indecorums, I sum up my whole battel in the representation of two persons only, no more: and yet so lively, that, I vow to gad, you would swear ten thousand men were at it, really engag'd. Do you mark me?

SMI. Yes, Sir; but I think I should hardly swear, though, for all that.

BAYES. By my troth, Sir, but you would, though, when you see it: for I make 'em both come out in Armor, *Cap-a-pea*, with their Swords drawn, and hung, with a scarlet Ribbon at their wrists, (which, you know, represents fighting enough) each of 'em holding a Lute in his hand.

SMI. How, Sir, instead of a Buckler?

BAYES. O Lord, O Lord! instead of a Buckler? Pray, Sir, do you ask no more questions. I make 'em,

¹ (a) Arm, Arm, *Villerius*, Arm !

Sir W. D'AVENANT. *Siege of Rhodes*. 'The first Entry.' p. 3.
Ed. 1656.

(b) 'The Third Entry' thus begins.

Enter *Solyman*, *Pirrhus*, *Mustapha*.

Solym. Pirrhus. Draw up our Army wide !

Then, from the Grofs two strong Reserves divide ;

And spread the wings ;

As if we were to fight

In the loft *Rhodians* fight

With all the Western Kings !

Each Wing with *Fanizaries* line ;

The Right and Left to *Hally's* Sons assigne ;

The *Grofs* to *Zangiban*.

The Main Artillery

With *Mustapha* shall be :

Bring thou the *Rear*, We lead the *Van*.

Idem, p. 14.

(c) At the beginning of 'The fifth Entry' is,

Musta. Point well the Cannon, and play fast !

Their fury is too hot to last.

That Rampire shakes ! they fly into the Town !

Pirrh. March up with those Reserves to that Redout,

Faint Slaves ! the *Fanizaries* reel !

They bend, they bend ! and seem to feel

The terrors of a Rout.

Musta. Old *Zanger* halts, and reinforcement lacks !

Pirrh. March on.

Musta. Advance those Pikes, and charge their Backs.

Idem, p. 30.

Sir, play the battel in *Recitativo*. And here's the concept. Just at the very same instant that one sings, the other, Sir, recovers you his Sword, and puts himself in a warlike posture: so that you have at once your ear entertain'd with Musick, and good Language, and your eye satisfi'd with the garb, and accoutrements of war. Is not that well?

JOHNS. I, what would you have more? he were a Devil that would not be satisfi'd with that.

SMI. I confes, Sir, you stupifie me.

BAYES. You shall see.

JOHNS. But, Mr. *Bayes*, might not we have a little fighting for I love those Plays, where they cut and slash one another, upon the Stage, for a whole hour together.

BAYES. Why, then, to tell you true, I have contriv'd it both ways. But you shall have my *Recitativo* first.

Enter, at several doors, the General, and Lieutenant General, arm'd Cap-a-pea, with each of them a Lute in his hand, and his sword drawn, and hung, with a scarlet Ribbon at his wrist.

Lieut. Gen. Villain, thou lyeft.

Gen. Arm, arm, *Gonsalvo*, arm; what ho?

The lye no flesh can brook, I trow.

Lieut. Gen. Advance, from *Acton*, with the Musquetiers.

Gen. Draw down the *Chelsey* Curiafiers,

Lieut. Gen. The Band you boast of, *Chelsey* Curiafiers, Shall, in my *Putney* Pikes, now meet their Peers.

Gen. *Chiswickians*, aged, and renown'd in fight, Joyn with the *Hammersmith* Brigade.

Lieut. Gen. You'll find my *Mortlake* Boys will do them right,

Unless by *Fulham* numbers over-laid.

Gen. Let the left-wing of *Twick'nam* foot advance And line that Eastern hedge.

Lieut. Gen. The Horfe I rais'd in *Petty-France*
Shall try their chance.

And scowr the Medows, over-grown with Sedge.

Gen. Stand : give the word.

Lieut. Gen. Bright Sword.

Gen. That may be thine.

But 'tis not mine.

Lieut. Gen. Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
And let those recreant Troops perceive mine ire.

Gen. Pursue, pursue ; they fly

That first did give the lye. [*Exeunt.*

BAYES. This, now, is not improper, I think, because the Spectators know all these Towns, and may easily conceive them to be within the Dominions of the two Kings of *Brentford*.

JOHNS. Most exceeding well design'd !

BAYES. How do you think I have contriv'd to give a stop to this battel ?

SMI. How ?

BAYES. By an Eclipse : Which, let me tell you, is a kind of fancie that was yet never so much as thought of, but by my self, and one person more, that shall be nameless. Come, come in, Mr.——a——

Enter Lieutenant General.

Lieut. Gen. What mid-night darkness does invade
the day,

And snatch the Victor from his conquer'd prey ?

Is the Sun weary of his bloody fight,

And winks upon us with his eye of light ?

'Tis an Eclipse. This was unkind, O Moon,

To clap between me, and the Sun so soon.

Foolish Eclipse ! thou this in vain hast done ;

My brighter honour had Eclips'd the Sun.

But now behold Eclipses two in one. [*Exit.*

JOHNS. This is an admirable representation of a Battel, as ever I saw.

Enter Aurora in a black Veil below.

Song in Dialogue.

Aur. Phœbus ?

Phœb. Who calls the World's great Light ?

Aur. *Aurora*, that abhors the Night.

Phœb. Why does *Aurora* from her Clowd
To drowfie *Phœbus* cry so loud ?

Aur. Put on thy Beams ; rife, (no regard
To a young Goddess, that lies hard
In th' old Man's bosome ?) rife for sham,
And shine my Clowd into a Flame.

Phœb. Oblige me not beyond my pow'r,
I must not rife before my hour.

Aur. Before thy hour ? look down, and see,
In vain the *Persian* kneels to thee,
And I (mock'd by the glim'ring Shade)
A sad mistake in *Naples* made ;
Like *Pliny*, I had lost my life,
If I had been a Mortal Wife.

Phœb. Thou cam'st too near the Burning Mount
Vesuvio ?

Aur. Upon thy account,
For I took Clowds of Smoke and Fire,
(which here from *Vulcan's* Court expire)
For Morning-streaks, Blew, White, and Red,
That Roufe me from cold *Tithon's* Bed.

[*Phœbus enters with his Beams* &c.]

Phœb. Charge not upon me for a Crime,
That I staid th' utmost point of time,
Before I would put off my Bays,
And on *Naples* shed my Rays,
where such a mischief they have done,
As will make *Venus* hate the Sun,
Discovering to *Vulcan's* eye
Where She and *Mars* embracing lie.

Aur. I'm sorry *Mars* and *Venus* had
Such privacy : but I am glad
that *Phœbus* does at last appear
To shine away *Aurora's* Fear.

Phœb. What frightened thee ?

Aur. I know not what :

But thou know'st all ; what noise is that ?

[*Within Vulcan roars out, No work, Rogues :*

Phœb. 'Tis *Vulcan*, in a greater Heat
Than th' Irons by his *Cyclops* beat :
He makes the horrour of that noise,
Teaching and Knocking his great Boys,
(From hamm'ring out *Jove's* Thunder) set

BAYES. I, Sir. But how would you fancie now to represent an Eclipse?

SMI. Why, that's to be suppos'd.

BAYES. Suppos'd! Ay, you are ever at your suppose: ha, ha, ha. Why, you may as well suppose the whole Play. No it must come in upon the Stage, that's certain; but in some odd way, that may delight, amuse, and all that. I have a conceipt for't, that I am sure is new, and, I believe, to the purpose.

JOHNS. How's that?

BAYES. Why, the truth is, I took the first hint of this out of a Dialogue, between *Phæbus* and *Aurora*, in the *Slighted Maid*:¹ which, by my troth, was very pretty; though, I think, you'll confes this is a little better.

JOHNS. No doubt on't, Mr. Bayes.

BAYES. But, Sir, you have heard, I suppose, that your Eclipse of the Moon, is nothing else, but an interposition of the Earth, between the Sun and Moon: as likewise your Eclipse of the Sun is caus'd by an interlocation of the Moon, betwixt the Earth and Sun?

SMI. I have heard so, indeed.

BAYES. Well, Sir; what do me I, but make the Earth, Sun, and Moon, come out upon the Stage, and dance the Hey: hum? And, of necessity, by the very nature of this Dance, the Earth must be sometimes between the Sun and the Moon, and the Moon between the Earth and Sun; and there you have both your Eclipses. That is new, I gad, ha?

JOHNS. That must needs be very fine, truly.

BAYES. Yes, there is some fancie in't. And then, Sir, that there may be something in it of a Joque, I make the Moon sell the Earth a Bargain. Come, come out Eclipse, to the tune of *Tom Tyler*.

Enter Luna.

Luna. *Orbis, O Orbis,*

Come to me thou little rogue *Orbis.*

Enter the Earth.

Orb. What calls *Terra firma*, pray?

To File and Polish *Vulcan's* Net,
Which he'll catch *Mars* and *Venus* in.

Aur. What now? [Laughing

Phab. To laugh the Smiths begin:
At furious *Vulcan* (halting off
To measure his wife's Bed) they scoff.

Aur. I'll leave the place; I can no more
Endure the Laughter than the Roar.

Tuning

Phab. Hark, they record, they'll sing anon;
'Tis time for *Phabus* to be gone;
For when such Lyrick Asses bray,
The God of Musique cannot stay.

[Exeunt *Phœbus* and *Aurora*

The Cyclops Song (within).

Cry our Ware, (Sooty Fellows
Of the Forge and the Bellows)
Has *Jove* any Okes to mend?
Has *Ceres* Sickles to mend?
Wants *Neptune* a Water-Fork?
All these are the *Cyclops* work;
But to Wire-draw Iron-rods,
To File Nets to catch the Gods,
What can make our fingers so fine?
Drink, drink, Wine, *Lippari*-wine.

it R. STAPYLTON. *The Slighted Maid*, pp. 80-83. Ed. 1667

Luna. *Luna* that ne'er shines by day.

Orb. What means *Luna* in a veil?

Luna. *Luna* means to shew her tail.

Enter Sol.

Sol. Fie, Sister, fie ; thou mak'st me muse,
Dery, dery down,
To see thee *Orb* abuse.

Luna. I hope his anger 'twill not move ;
Since I did it out of love.

Hey down, dery down.

Orb. Where shall I thy true love know,
Thou pretty, pretty Moon?

Luna. To morrow soon, ere it be noon,
On Mount *Vesuvio*.

[*Bis.*

Sol. Then I will shine.

Orb. And I will be fine.

Luna. And we will drink nothing but *Lipary* wine.

Omnes. And we, &c.

BAYES. So, now, vanish Eclipse, and enter t'other Battel, and fight. Here now, if I am not mistaken, you will see fighting enough.

A battel is fought between foot and great Hobby-horses. At last, Drawcanfir comes in, and kills 'em all on both sides. All this while the Battel is fighting, BAYES is telling them when to shout, and shouts with 'em.

Draw. Others may boast a single man to kill ;
But I, the blood of thousands, daily spill.
Let petty Kings the names of Parties know :
Where e'er I come, I slay both friend and foe.
The swiftest Horsemen my swift rage controuls,
And from their Bodies drives their trembling souls.
If they had wings, and to the Gods could flie,
I would pursue, and beat 'em, through the skie :
And make proud *Fove*, with all his Thunder, see.
This single Arm more dreadful is, than he. [*Exit.*

BAYES. There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. I have read of your *Hector*, your *Achilles*, and a hundred

¹ *Valeria*, Daughter to *Maximin*, having kill'd her self for the Love of *Porphyrius*, when she was to be carry'd off by the Bearers, strikes one of them a Box on the Ear, and speaks to him thus—

Hold! are you mad? you damn'd confounded Dog,
I am to rise, and speak the Epilogue.

Epilogue to the *second* edition of *Tyrannick Love*, 1672.

Key, 17C4

more ; but I defie all your Histories, and your Romances too, I gad, to shew me one such Conqueror, as this *Drawcanfir*.

JOHNS. I fwear, I think you may.

SMI. But, Mr. *Bayes*, how shall all these dead men go off? for I see none alive to help 'em.

BAYES. Go off! why, as they came on; upon their legs: how should they go off? Why, do you think the people do not know they are not dead? He is mighty ignorant, poor man; your friend here is very silly, Mr. *Fohnson*, I gad, he is. Come, Sir, I'll shew you go off. Rise, Sirs, and go about your business. There's go off for you. Hark you, Mr. *Ivory*. Gentlemen, I'll be with you presently. [Exit.

JOHNS. Will you so? then we'll be gone.

SMI. I, pr'ythee let's go, that we may preserve our hearing. One Battel more would take mine quite away. [Exeunt.

Enter BAYES and Players.

BAYES. Where are the Gentlemen?

1 *Play*. They are gone, Sir.

BAYES. Gone! 'Sdeath, this last Act is best of all. I'll go fetch 'em again. [Exit.

3 *Play*. Stay, here's a foul piece of papyr of his. Let's see what 'tis.

[Reads. *The Argument of the Fifth Act.*

Cloris, at length, being sensible of Prince *Pretty-man's* passion, consents to marry him; but, just as they are going to Church, Prince *Pretty-man* meeting, by chance, with old *Foan* the Chandlers widow, and remembering it was she that brought him acquainted with *Cloris*: out of a high point of honour, break off his match with *Cloris*, and marries old *Foan*. Upon which, *Cloris*, in despair, drowns her self: and Prince *Pretty-man*, discontentedly, walks by the River side.

1 *Play*. Pox on't, this will never do: 'tis just like the rest. Come, let's be gone. [Exeunt.

• About the time of the Restoration and for some years after the fashionable hour of dining was twelve o'clock, and the play began at three.

Bp. Percy.

At the end of Sir W. D'AVENANT'S "*The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*. Express'd by Instrumentall and Vocall Musick, and by Art of Perspective in Scenes, &c. Represented daily at the *Cockpit* in *Drury-Lane*, At Three afternoone punctually" London 1658: is the following notice :

'Notwithstanding the great expence necessary to Scenes, and other ornaments in this Entertainment, there is a good provision made of places for a shilling. And it shall begin certainly at 3 after noon.'

The Rehearsal is therefore supposed to take place in the morning.

Enter BAYES

BAYES. A plague on 'em both for me; they have made me sweat, to run after 'em. A couple of fenceless rascals, that had rather go to dinner, than see this Play out, with a pox to 'em. What comfort has a man to write for such dull rogues? Come Mr.—a— Where are you, Sir? come away quick, quick.

Enter Players again.

Play. Sir, they are gone to dinner.

BAYES. Yes, I know the Gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the Players.

Play. Why, an't please your worship, Sir, the Players are gone to dinner too.

BAYES. How! are the Players gone to Dinner? 'Tis impossible: the Players gone to dinner! I gad, if they are, I'll make 'em know what it is to injure a person that does 'em the honour to write for 'em, and all that. A company of proud, conceited, humorous, cross-grain'd persons, and all that. I gad, I'll make 'em the most contemptible, despicable, inconsiderable persons, and all that, in the whole world, for this trick. I gad, I'll be reveng'd on 'em; I'll sell this Play to the other House.

Play. Nay, good, Sir, don't take away the Book; you'll disappoint the Town, that comes to see it acted here, this afternoon.

BAYES. That's all one. I must reserve this comfort to my self, my Book and I will go together, we will not part, indeed, Sir. The Town! why, what care I for the Town? I gad, the Town has us'd me as scurvily, as the Players have done: but I'll be reveng'd on them too: I will both Lampoon and print 'em too, I gad. Since they will not admit of my Plays, they shall know what a Satyrift I am. And so farewell to this Stage for ever, I gad. [*Exit.*

1 *Play.* What shall we do now?

2 *Play*. Come then, let's fet up Bills for another Play: We shall lose nothing by this, I warrant you.

1 *Play*. I am of your opinion. But, before we go, let's see *Haynes*, and *Shirley* practise the last Dance; for that may serve for another Play.

2 *Play*. I'll call 'em: I think they are in the Tying-room.

The Dance done.

1 *Play*. Come, come; let's go away to dinner.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.



The Play is at an end, but where's the Plot?
 That circumstance our Poet *Bayes* forgot,
 And we can boast, though 'tis a plotting Age,
 No place is freer from it than the Stage.
 The Ancients Plotted, though, and strove to please
 With fence that might be understood with ease;
 They every Scene with so much wit did store
 That who brought any in, went out with more:
 But this new way of wit does so surprize,
 Men lose their wits in wond'ring where it lyes.
 If it be true, that Monstrous births presage
 The following mischiefs that afflicts the Age,
 And sad disasters to the State proclaim;
 Plays, without head or tail, may do the same.
 Wherefore, for ours, and for the Kingdoms peace,
 May this prodigious way of writing cease.
 Let's have, at least, once in our lives, a time
 When we may hear some Reason, not all Rhyme:
 We have these ten years felt its Influence;
 Pray let this prove a year of Prose and Sence.

F I N I S.



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